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Vol. CXCIX, No. 2596
NOVEMBER 5, 1949

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Volume CXCIX No. 2596 The SPHERE, London, November 5, 1949

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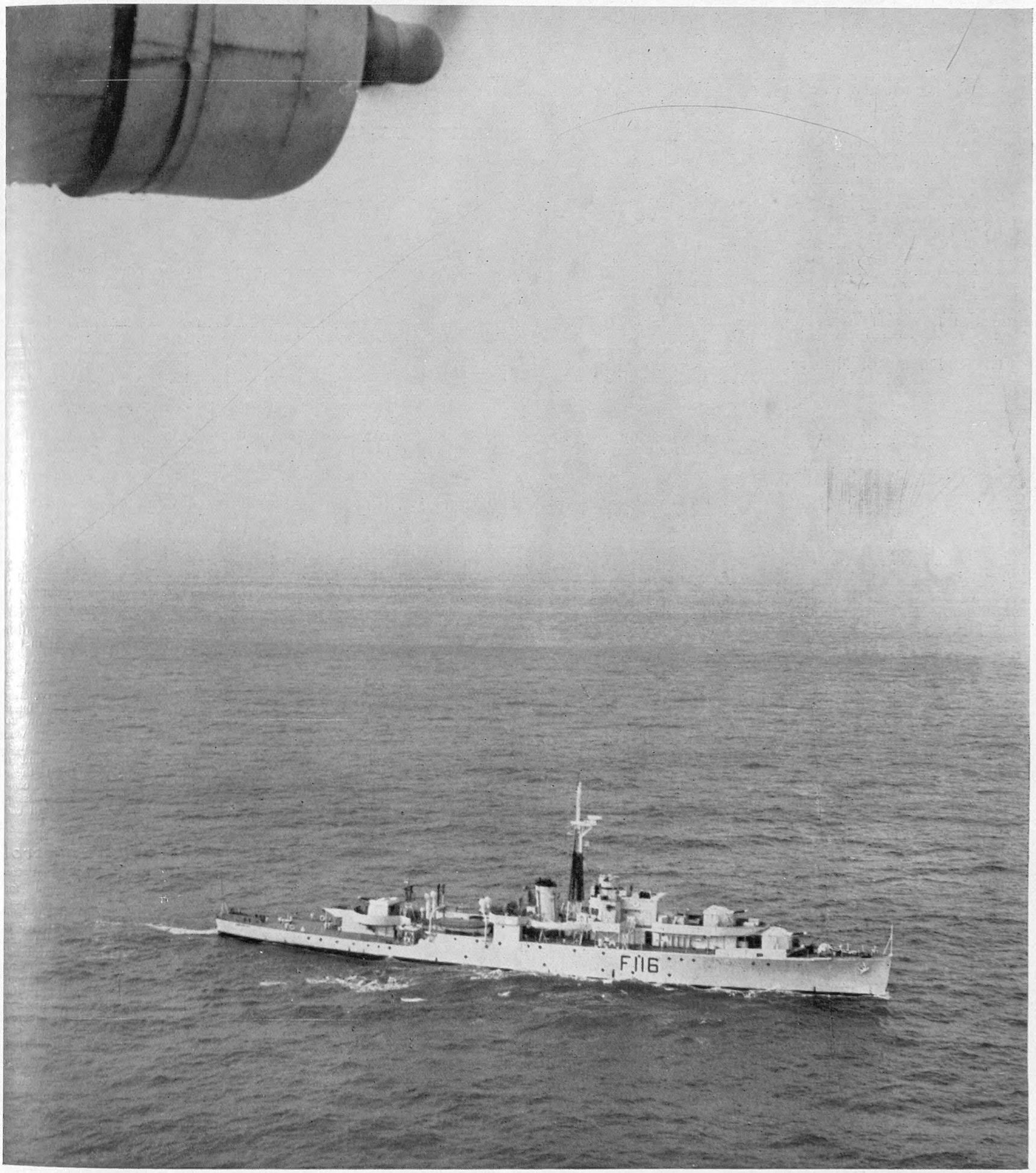

"AMETHYST" SAILS HOME TO MEET A NATION'S WELCOME — THE FRIGATE WHICH RAN THE GAUNTLET OF THE YANGTSE SEEN IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AT THE END OF HER VOYAGE FROM THE CHINA COAST: This picture was taken from a Sunderland flying-boat which conveyed a Royal Air Force greeting to the ship and congratulations on the heroic exploit. At Plymouth, Viscount Hall, First Lord of the Admiralty, waited to extend the Admiralty's welcome

Last Tuesday morning H.M.S. *Amethyst*, resplendent in a new coat of paint but still bearing the scars of war, steamed up-Channel and into Devonport Dockyard, there to receive a rapturous reception from tens of thousands of West Country folk, the Lords of the Admiralty, representatives of the Government and the Services, and, last but not least, relatives and friends of the crew. *Amethyst* berthed at No. 6 Wharf at 9.30 a.m., while ships' sirens in the harbour chorused a welcome, and after an official reception on board the frigate and a family reunion, the crew marched through the beflagged streets of Plymouth and were received at the City Flagstaff, in the heart of the blitzed city, by the Lord Mayor of Plymouth. Thereafter followed the civic luncheon, held in two parts because Plymouth has no hall of the requisite dimensions still standing. In the week after next, London will add her greeting to Plymouth's, when the crew march through the City to the Guildhall and the King meets the heroes of the Yangtse at Buckingham Palace. (See also pages 188 and 189.)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Black Monday.—Nature did her part to make us all serious-minded before the Premier's austerity disclosures. She softened us up with eight continuous days of gale and downpour, producing exactly 6 ins. of rain and making the month's total to date well over 8 ins. For myself, therefore, I switched on to the Premier with no song in my heart, but an overall damp chill. I referred last week to Mr. Attlee's "dilemmas" and my first reaction to his disclosures and exhortations justified the reference. If the cuts are less than impartial economists regarded as the bare safety minimum, Mr. Attlee will be judged in history as wobbling and cowardly. But however far short they fall of that minimum, there will be thousands to cry out that they are made too late. If cuts of such and such a magnitude must be made now, all reason urges that they should never have had to be made. The Government, by the very decision to cut here and there, is *ipso facto* branded as recklessly, blindly extravagant, childishly short-sighted, since 1945. Such criticism may appear harsh, but logic is no respecter of persons and no sentimentalist. Certainly Mr. Attlee's broadcast did nothing to alleviate the damp chill induced in me by the "wettest October for umpteen years."

The Judgment of History.—Mr. Attlee was listened to in the House with no marked enthusiasm from any side. Fireside listeners do not cheer as a rule. Certainly no inspiration came through my box. Mr. Attlee is, of course a very poor speaker and, I am sure, dislikes and distrusts the arts of the actor and the demagogue's technique. And often enough we have praised him for these dislikes. But if ever there was an occasion in peacetime for a supreme effort to put over, in the House and on the air, a sense of urgency and a resounding call to new endeavour and national unity and patriotism and purpose, it was on October 24. But Mr. Attlee let fall a couple of damp squibs which sizzled on the wet pavements. And I cannot help thinking that some of his confrères wondered whether it would do, if *he* would do. The general verdict must surely be that he has utterly failed in a great emergency. We expected a plan, we are served out with a patchwork of compromise, an interim adjustment. We expected a clear call to a united national effort. We are left with . . . the nationalisation of the steel industry as demanded by the left-wingers. Directly, it is true, the Premier avoided party propaganda, and was becomingly grave and dignified. Yet his manner and his matter alike were unworthy of a great national crisis.

"Collapse of Socialism."—Perhaps one of the *Daily Telegraph's* leader captions last week was rather strong. Perhaps it hasn't quite come to this. It is even possible that the nation's collapse will precede Socialism's. Indeed, that is the danger. But if the caption read a "leetle bit previous," the arguments concerning the Chancellor's way of dotting Mr. Attlee's "i's" all seemed to convince the reader that Socialism ought to collapse. With more courage or sadism than the Premier could bring to bear, the Chancellor painted as macabre a picture of the nation's fate, if miracles are not achieved in the next few months, as any Opposition pessimist could paint. But even miracle-bricks require a little straw and some clay, and the Government offered the nation a handful of gleanings and half a bag of clay. The miracle of salvation can only come (as the Chancellor said) if we can produce and export enough to pay for our needs from abroad, and that could not be done without the strictest Government economy—and, of course, harder and longer work and saving. But, when Sir Stafford's figure and facts of the Government's share in furnishing the requirements are boiled down, the cuts just cancel out supplementaries. A vast proportion of the cuts, too, are postdated beyond this vital year, and when all are made, we remain committed to spend the full sum budgeted in the last Budget. Instead of capital spending of £2,100,000,000, that item may fall to a mere £2,000,000,000.

BRITAIN'S COMMISSIONER-GENERAL IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA—MR. MALCOLM MacDONALD AT HIS DESK AT BUKIT SERENE, HIS HOME IN JOHORE STATE, MALAYA, WHERE BRITISH LEADERS ARE FORGATHERING FOR THE CONFERENCE ON FAR EASTERN AFFAIRS: Mr. David Rees Williams, Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, will represent the British Government, and Mr. J. D. Higham, head of the Eastern Department of the Colonial Office, is also attending to hear the views of British representatives. Mr. MacDonald, former Dominions Secretary and former Colonial Secretary, became Governor-General of Malaya in 1946 after completing a long wartime term as United Kingdom High Commissioner in Canada

And if you look into it, you will soon perceive what havoc this sliver of cheeseparing is going to create, in housing, in electricity supply in rural areas (already a bad joke), in the checking of crime, for of course police-houses is the crux of the fearful unrecruitment, in a score of matters which closely concern all of us. This discovery may be used in two ways. To whitewash the Government: "You see, they simply could not find another shilling to cut." Or in showing up the whole monstrous insanity of reckless extravagance since 1945. The Premier, for the first time in the history of Ministerial speechifying since the last election, did indeed make that obvious parallel between the bankrupt individual and the bankrupt State, and having made it, he made a pure nonsense of it. The Socialist Ministers have indeed collapsed in the hour of mortal danger.

Signs of Dementia.—Signs of the break-up of civilisations have often been observed and recorded by historians. The last of the Roman emperors afforded a number of examples, and they could be collected to-day by pessimists in every country and every walk of life. Thus, a professor recently conferred an honorary degree on a seal which had been guided across the Channel. A cat has been awarded a medal for valour. A great deal of money has been spent on faking olde-worlde Tudor restaurant-cars for British Railways, money thrown away. A sudden realisation of imbecility—a lucid interval—decided to write off the project. These are trifles. Bigger and better examples of mass lunacy are rampant all over the world's surface—99·9 per cent. of the world's population pray and long for peace, security and freedom from slavery or fussy control; freedom to enjoy such blessings and amenities as the earth can still afford. But the big dog is still wagged by its little tail, and scientists, instead of finding remedies for the common cold and 'flu and infantile paralysis, build bigger bombs, while the peoples of half the world submit tamely to the direction of leaders who preach hatred and incitement to war. The end of another civilisation cannot be far off.

Stranger Than Fiction?—Many writers of detective stories have borrowed from famous trials and helped themselves to real-life plots. Now it is the other way about. The search for the murderers of Setty seemed to carry the sleuths straight into the realms of modern detective makebelieve. No thrilling feature was wanting. You have the creeks and marshes, a hint of smuggling, the clues of a hair and a sample of soil, torso in sack, the numbered banknotes, the stiletto, the sifting of the dead man's last contacts with members of underworld gangs; and so on. It was in the line of Punshon and Rhode. But there is nothing very new nowadays in the reversal of the proverb that truth is stranger than fiction. Truth, to keep up to date, must borrow from fiction to-day. Indeed, we have been borrowing from the fantasies of Verne and Wells for years, and I think Captain Cunningham's Comet flight to Tripolitania is a very fine instance. "Off to Tripolitania—back for tea"—there's the very note he doubtless left in his quarters in England. And regular flights to the moon are promised in our lifetime. It is true that I reconditioned a mind still based on the speed of rolling-stock. I am being left far behind in the race to get somewhere quick and get away again, if possible, quicker.

"Serjeant Shakespeare."—Every man with skill in, or a love of, literature or art, whose career has yet been in the public service, is wise to retire while his faculties and zest remain unimpaired. Then he may wisely and happily employ the last decade of his life in quiet thought and pleasant research. He can't do those things in public life to-day. In retirement he has his last chance to think things out, to set the house of his conscience in order, to justify or arrange the various stages of his career, to make his peace with God and man and himself—and, if time allows, to make discoveries about Shakespeare or the man-in-the-iron-mask or learn to paint in oils or play the 'cello. Sir Duff Cooper has taken the advice I have given in vain to some of my own surviving intimate friends, and his *Serjeant Shakespeare* is the first fruits of his privacy and peace. There is no pleasanter hobby than Shakespeare sleuthing. It is thrilling and innocent. It hurts no one living. The Baconite pamphlets prove all these things, if not what they are out to prove. Sir Duff has chosen to prove that Shakespeare's seven "missing" years (after he stole those deer) were spent in the army. Recruited by Leicester, he fought in the wars and was released at the end of his term to serve in Leicester's players' company. And very convincing his proofs are, as convincing as most Baconite proofs. It remains now to prove as clearly that Shakespeare was also a medico, a lawyer, a schoolmaster, a horse coper, a kennel boy and a courtier. For he reveals all these phases by his technical knowledge concerning them in his works, *passim*. And I hope Sir Duff will have all the leisure needed

The Puzzle of Petrol Rationing.—It is odd that the question of supplies of petrol for motorists in this country is so persistently left in total blackout by the Government. No type of austerity is more irritating than this, and the refusal of a complete, clear and straightforward explanation of Government policy has never yet been given. Causes of irritation arise from the keeping up of this maddening mystery, from our knowledge that conquered and enslaved countries have all the petrol they want, from evidence that our own miserable rations are the weakest of all compromises, an ineffective token, and are driving more and more holiday-makers to take their cars and holidays abroad; and finally from our belief (never categorically denied) that supplies of petrol need not be a dollar question at all or in chief, and that shortage of tankers is not a serious contributory cause. Add to these irritations the apparently inequitable allocation of the miserable supply made available, the waste on unessential and the shortage for essential or useful purposes, and we can fairly marshal a strong case against the Ministers concerned for handling one more national issue with the high hand and obstinacy of schoolmarms and the lack of sympathy and candour which we associate with pinchbeck dictators.

THE OLD STAGER

"WITH BEST WISHES"

It is not too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a gift will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the price of the subscription. Canada, £5. Elsewhere abroad, £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

The MARCH of the "AMETHYST" MEN

The Parade Through the Heart of Plymouth Last Tuesday

The officers and men of the "Amethyst" were greeted with a storm of cheering as they passed through the heart of the blitzed city of Plymouth last Tuesday following their return home from China and their official welcome at the Dockyard. At the luncheon which followed the march Lieut.-Commander Kerans announced that the King had approved of the award of the Naval General Service Medal, with a clasp inscribed "Yangtse, 1949," to every officer and man in the Yangtse battle

THE LITTLE "AMETHYST" DOCKS NEAR THE MIGHTY "VANGUARD": The frigate seen as she was about to make fast at Devonport Dockyard a few feet away from Britain's latest and largest battleship. The paying-off pennant of the "Amethyst" can clearly be seen at the mainmast, also her battered ensign at the stern

THE OFFICIAL LUNCHEON AT THE DUKE OF CORNWALL HOTEL: Men of the "Amethyst" being entertained after their march through the city of Plymouth. In the background is Drake's Drum, which made one of its rare appearances for the great occasion. At the top table sat Lieut.-Commander Kerans with the Lord Mayor of Plymouth and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of the North Cape

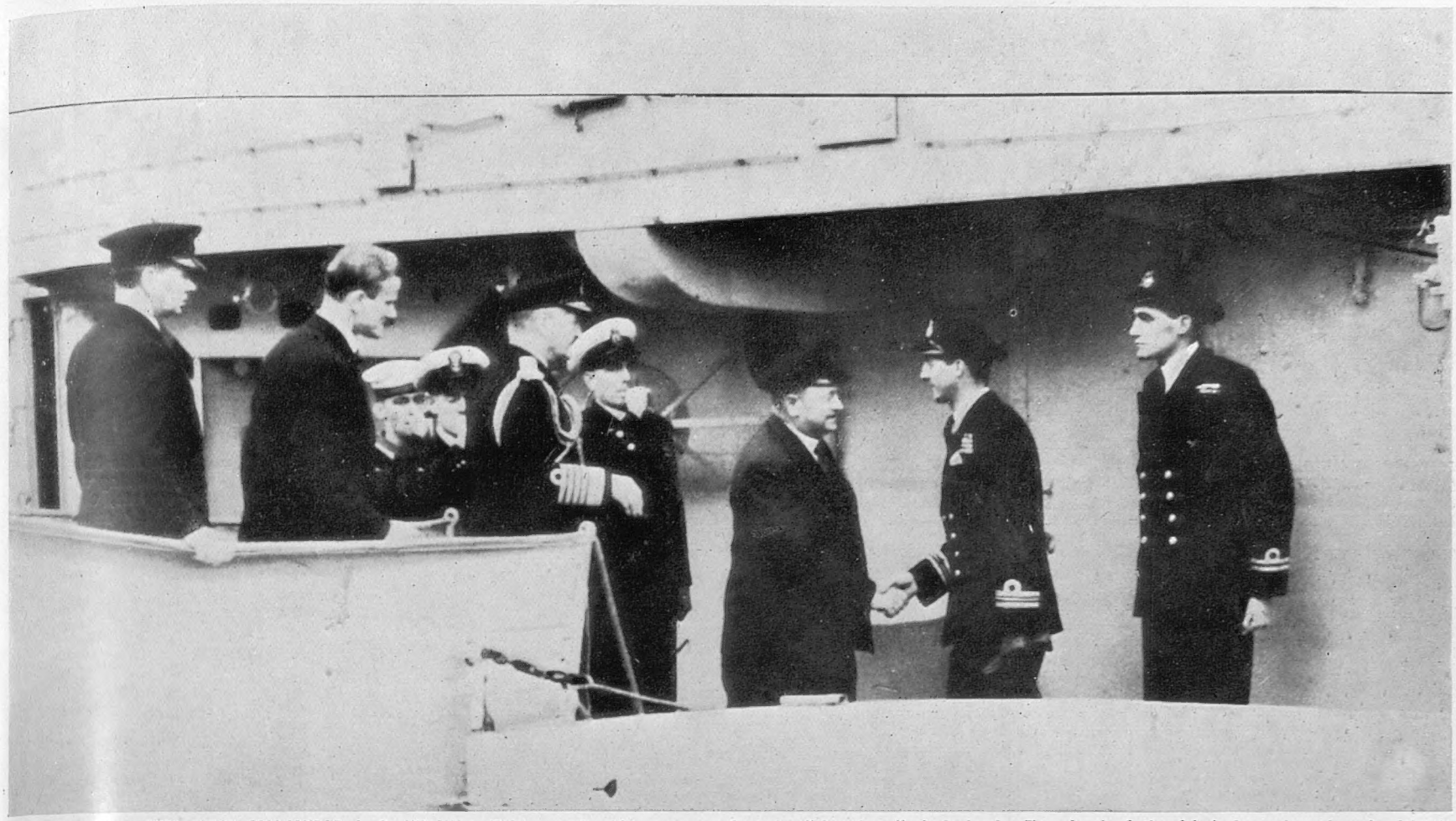
THE "AMETHYST" COMES HOME

The Arrival of the Frigate at Devonport Dockyard

TO THE ROUSING CHORUS OF SIRENS FROM EVERY SHIP IN THE HARBOUR AND TO THE CHEERS OF THE WAITING MULTITUDE, H.M.S. "AMETHYST" COMES ALONGSIDE THE QUAY AT DEVONPORT DOCKYARD: This picture shows relatives and friends of members of the crew of the frigate standing on chairs as they roared a welcome from the shore. Flags were flying from nearly every building in Plymouth, and planes swooped overhead in welcome as the "Amethyst" completed her voyage of 10,600 miles, which began when she made her historic dash down the Yangtse. Among those who greeted Lieut.-Commander Kerans and his men was Viscount Hall, First Lord of the Admiralty. For an hour after the vessel docked relatives and friends joined the crew at a reception aboard "Amethyst," and then came the march through Plymouth

HE CAME TO PLYMOUTH TO MEET HIS OLD COMRADES: Leading Seaman Cyril Williams, of Blaenau, who was an asdic operator on board the *Amethyst* and lost both legs in the Yangtse battle

THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION ABOARD "AMETHYST" A FEW MOMENTS AFTER SHE DOCKED AT NO. 6 BERTH, DEVONPORT: Viscount Hall, First Lord of the Admiralty, climbed the gangway and from a rostrum made for the occasion by the ship's carpenter, transmitted the Navy's greetings to Lieut.-Commander Kerans and his crew. It was after this reception that relatives were invited on to the ship and there were happy scenes of reunion as fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers greeted the homecomers



VISCOUNT HALL GREETS LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. S. KERANS: This was the big moment after the "Amethyst" docked, the First Lord of the Admiralty going aboard with the First Sea Lord (Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of the North Cape), who is seen standing just behind Viscount Hall. The "Amethyst" docked at 9.30 a.m. exactly on time. On the previous day she had to go slow as she was ahead of schedule

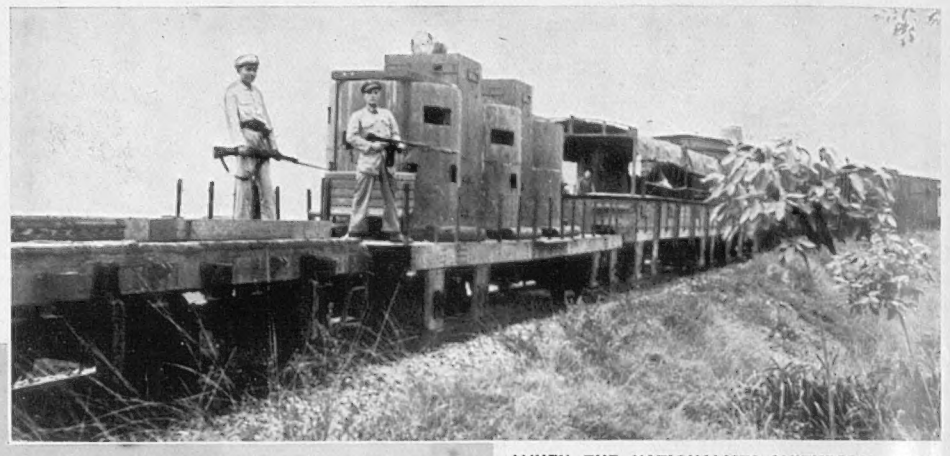
NEARING JOURNEY'S END, H.M.S. "AMETHYST" IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL ON THE MORNING OF HER ARRIVAL: She was first sighted at 7.20 a.m. six miles off-shore, and forty minutes later the coastguard at Rame Head look-out reported that the "Amethyst" was entering Plymouth Sound. Even at a distance crowds could see the long "paying-off" pennant streaming from the mainmast, and the ensign, torn by shrapnel, which she wore so proudly during her battle in the River Yangtse

THE COMMUNISTS HAVE NOW REACHED THE BORDERS OF HONG KONG'S LEASED TERRITORIES : These two pictures were taken in Shumchun after the forces of Maotze had taken over and had made contact with members of the Hong Kong Police. The first impression given by the Communists was that, if they were planning to denounce the treaties made with foreign Powers by the Kuomintang in modern times, they were determined to respect, for the time being at any rate, the commitments made by China in earlier days. It was noticeable that many of the Communist troops in the southward march were youths in their teens

CHINA'S YOUNG MASTERS

Young Men of the Communist Armies Who have Advanced from Mukden to Canton

When Maotze's legions achieved their first important victories in 1949 they little realised the magnitude of the success that lay so immediately before them. Victory followed victory, and with the capture of each city—the administrative problem has grown greater. More men have had to be left behind to keep the wheels of government going, and as a result the fighting force has had to rely increasingly on youth. These pictures show some of the young men now garrisoned on the Hong Kong border in South China



WHEN THE NATIONALISTS WITHDREW FROM THE HONG KONG BORDER : This armoured train was due to cover the withdrawal, but Colonel Mak Hon-fai, who was in command, instead of carrying out the plan of withdrawal and blowing up the bridges, removed his badges of rank and, train included, went over to the Communists. Shumchun is a town just north of the point where the Canton Railway crosses into British territory

AT AN AGE WHEN MOST BOYS ARE STILL PLAYING WITH TOY WEAPONS HE IS SERVING IN THE GARRISON OF SHUMCHUN : Like many members of the People's Liberation Army, he is not fifteen years of age. He has had a measure of training, however, and the pistol and grenade at his belt, it is quite certain, are not there for decorative reasons only

THE COLONEL WHO CHANGED SIDES : Colonel Mak Hon-Fai, commander of a Nationalist armoured train, who has thrown in his lot with the People's Liberation Army. The Colonel was born in France and went to China in 1937 to attend the Whampoo Academy

CAPTAIN TSOI TAT : This man is head of the Communist Police in Shumchun. It would be hard to hazard a guess at his age, but he typifies the youthful army now engaged in China's conquest

ABUSED MARSHAL TAKES A DANUBE PLEASURE TRIP: Marshal Tito on board the new Yugoslavian passenger excursion steamer "Krajina" in company with his Minister of Transport, Petar Stambolich. They joined the ship during her maiden voyage along the Danube and Sava Rivers. Last week Moscow Radio, quoting a Russian newspaper, launched one of its most violent attacks on the Marshal and at the same time the Soviet Government accused the Yugoslav Ambassador in Moscow of "spying and subversive activities"

A DICTATOR UNDER FIRE

MARSHAL TITO VIOLENTLY ABUSED OVER MOSCOW RADIO

MADAME ZINKA MILANOV, WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN COUPLED WITH THAT OF MARSHAL TITO BY MOSCOW RADIO IN ITS VIRULENT ATTACKS: Madame Milanov, seen in this picture as she appeared in "Il Trovatore" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, was born at Zagreb forty-three years ago and went to the United States in 1937 as the wife of a Croatian dramatist. **In 1947, following a divorce, she married General Ilich, then Yugoslav Ambassador-at-Large in South America. Moscow radio has denounced her as an American spy. Marshal Tito, it is said, has squandered money on Madame Zinka Milanov, and the radio declares that Madame Milanov changes cars almost as often as she changes frocks. Madame Milanov has refuted all these charges.**

Among the epithets used by Moscow about Marshal Tito were traitor, bandit, scoundrel, greedy ape, chattering parrot, deserter, coward, comedian, hypocrite, hangman, and insolent dwarf. He was charged, among other things, with drinking with Mr. Randolph Churchill at Bari, in Southern Italy, while the Russian armies, under Marshal Tolbukhin, were chasing the Nazis out of Yugoslavia; with having stolen the estates of King Peter of Yugoslavia; and with depositing money in a Swiss bank under an assumed name. "Imitating Winston Churchill," the broadcast said, "Tito wants to be known as a writer, a sportsman and a chess player. But, like Churchill, he is a bad shot and a worse writer. As to chess—he cannot win a game even from Moshe Pijade (the Yugoslav deputy Premier)

THE ALASKAN GOLD RUSH—PIONEERS FLOCK TO FISHWHEEL ONLY TO LEARN THAT ONE OF THE ORIGINAL NUGGETS BROUGHT IN BY A PROSPECTOR WAS MADE OF BRASS: *Left*—A prospectors' camp at Fishwheel during the first days of the rush when hundreds of claims were staked in the region of the original find by the young half-breed, Clifton Carroll. *Right*—A group of prospectors seen on arrival at Discovery Island by plane

Last week-end it seemed that the Alaska Gold Rush of 1949 had come to an end. For days after Clifton Carroll had registered his claim and shown the world the nuggets which he had got from the Alaska hinterland it seemed that a new El Dorado was on the verge of being mapped. Then came rumours from some of the prospectors who flew north from Fairbanks that there was no gold, and on Thursday of last week Professor Ragle, geology professor at the University of Alaska, announced that one of the original nuggets brought in from Fishwheel consisted of brass. Prospectors who had paid heavy prices for air-trips up to Fishwheel began to drift away, and the tent town which arose on Discovery Island went with them. During the brief gold rush between 300 and 400 claims were staked. People flew to Fishwheel from Anchorage and Fairbanks, Alaska, and from the United States.

BRITAIN UNDER WORLD ANALYSIS

Watching Her Experiment in Social Welfare

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT has been developing ever since the end of the war. As soon as the slightest possibilities of travel reappeared, people in a variety of lands, in both hemispheres, but principally in the British Commonwealth and the United States, hankered to have a look at the tight little isle, to see how it had come through, and what had happened to its citizens.

There was above all admiration in these early manifestations of interest in the United Kingdom, a sentiment which swelled in many cases to an emotional longing. But comparatively few people could fulfil their desire to come here, transport being mainly reserved for official visitors and other privileged or sponsored persons.

Those who did make port were preoccupied by various aspects of winding up the war and dealing with the immediate aftermath, and with their business affairs, when they weren't seeing old friends and making new ones, viewing war scars, and diverting themselves. Mr. Churchill had gone? A pity. But let 's see what these Socialist fellows have in them. That was the visiting tone—one of expectation.

This opening frame of mind had undergone some change by 1947. One could put it as a lessening of ready admiration and a rise in curiosity. Visitors from abroad and overseas were by this time arriving with some facility, and they had read such a lot about "Shinwell's Snowstorm" and Cripps's Austerity. Just what was happening in Britain?

There was immense interest in all aspects of the great social experiment publicised far and wide as The Building of a New Britain. For one thing, if it succeeded bloodlessly, might it not prove to be the answer to Stalin? Europeans came over here, avidly wanting to study the England that had done so much to free them, and which was now engaged in rebuilding herself. She *must* have something worth taking, learning from.

Well, after another two years, the interest is greater than ever it was. In default of anybody except Yes-men being able to observe Russia, Britain is the most quizzed country in the world. The most investigated and analysed. The most surveyed and probed. More questions are asked here each day by visitors, than the old England can have been called upon to answer in an entire summer.

Yet it would be self-deception to regard present curiosity any longer as solely springing from admiration and keenness to learn. Much of each endures, but a new note is discernible in foreign and overseas enquiry, a note of concern, often of anxiety. Those who follow the way of an ostrich will duck what is uppermost in many visiting minds, yet it is there, for all that. *What has gone wrong in Britain?*

I believe I represent the run of friendly Europeans when I write that they are puzzled about their own misgivings. They cannot fathom why the practical-minded, down-to-earth English have, of all peoples, fallen behind in the business of reconstruction and rehabilitation, of getting back to a more normal, a fuller life. "It 's no longer the England I knew," said a Frenchman in the cross-Channel steamer bound for Dieppe. "I hardly recognised it at times."

So much for the underlying approach—at least as I venture to read it—to all the current interest which others are displaying in the life and affairs of this Island (to quote her greatest living son), an interest which will only grow between now and the General Election, and the rightful due of any nation that has led the dance for all of two hundred years and now finds it tough at the top.

Even through an English winter, the quizzing will go on. Some investigators arrive under their own auspices. Others, sponsored by organisations, link up with corresponding bodies in this country. The United Nations sends over its experts and advisers. A never-ending succession of investigation groups, and dozens of delegates, are here at Government invitation, to be taken in hand by the British Council and the Central Office of Information. Even tourists are doubling a little investigation with their sightseeing.

Invited or not, the majority of specialising visitors are bitten by a desire to see for themselves. They have read or heard so many conflicting reports, that they want to check up. Not least have they been confused by Ministerial contradictions and glossing-over, to say nothing of airy-fairy optimism, a scholarship for which went to young Mr. Mayhew for telling Americans that Britain had passed from recovery to new social exploration.

It seems that more than 300 delegations have so far visited Britain, and that, alone in the past twelve months, the British Council has shepherded round Britain nearly 900 specialists in groups or as lone voyagers. You may recall one lone voyager, the Argentine poetess who cost £600 and stayed at Claridges, thereby raising the gorge of a section of the Press.

I write with more assurance of visiting journalists, and here we witness Mr. Morrison's how-many-millions-a-year Office of Information going heavily into action. It appears that thirty newspaper groups have visited Britain since last autumn. Even from Tibet have the scribes come. Two of the latest were Mr. Ba Kin and Mr. On Kin, Burmese editors.

Treatment follows a common pattern, specialised interests being attended to at the same time as the visiting scribes are shown a "cross-cut" of life here. Take the Kins. They saw a flying display, looked over the Port of London, took in Scotland Yard, sat through a magistrate's court, examined the postal system, were shown over Windsor Castle and Eton College, witnessed shipbuilding on the Clyde, met the leaders of the three principal political parties, inspected housing estates, hospitals, schools, libraries and factories.

Journalistic visitors are encouraged from countries whose newspapers cannot afford to keep correspondents in this country. The C.O.I. loves to weigh down such ones with pamphlets and hand-outs about Britain. It would seem to repay, judging by the 104 articles which were written as a result of a tour by delegates of the Middle East Press, though one would want to read the articles before passing judgment, since it is possible that their authors heard some Fleet Street fireworks as well as taking those hand-outs.

But why should journalists be lured at the taxpayers' expense from countries which are right well able to afford London correspondents—and do?

The United States sends the most probers; the Soviet Union the least. All I can recall of the latter is a delegation of women who came to call on the Trade Unions or the Co-operatives, and turned up too late or left too early. Now the Americans—they come with an eye on their own country as well as on Britain. They come to investigate production, plant, Luddism, Puritanism, defence, class bitterness, work, leisure, food, nationalisation, in fact, everything appertaining to Britain the Welfare State.

Senators and Congressmèn, Deweys and Stassens, Hoffmans and Harrimans . . . it is one long procession down to the young lady who sent herself over to study teenagers and their problems. Mr. Truman would toy with an American version of "Utopia's" social services? Over come American specialists to report that the British are losing something through these services which are also too wasteful.

The Health Service attracts particular attention. Europe, America and the Dominions are all interested. Not that Mr. Bevan is satisfied: he would go out and "sell" his infant personally. He blazed the trail in Italy and hopes to go to India early next year. It was a clever way of cultivating friendly foreign reaction to his work, to hand out free medical treatment to foreign and overseas visitors to these shores.

Fit or ailing, a trip to Britain these days is a "must" for all planners for the future.

Here is a group of social workers from the Argentine, Belgium, China, Egypt, India and Sweden. They want to know how juvenile delinquents are dealt with, how the disabled are rehabilitated, what a council house costs to build and rent, why Britain's babies are so blooming. Are they interested perchance in the straits to which so many old people are reduced? I find no mention of it. Still, on with the quiz. . . .

The truth about austerity and rationing, the real extent of the Communist hold, can Britain defend herself in an atomic war, the consequences of levelling down and the steady suppression of the middle class, the Luddite refusal to use the latest time- and men-saving machinery, working to rule (including Smithfield porters in slow motion with carcases that have gone slightly "off"), the five-day week and absenteeism, incentives and disincentives (!), the gambling fever in a State that officially holds it to be immoral, the decline in sporting prowess, the attitude towards emigration, towards Europe . . . why, there 's no end in this England to the subjects good for quizzing.

Here 's a sheikh interested in local government, a Maltese delegation wanting to know how Mr. Tomlinson teaches, a Persian Minister making notes on agricultural research, a group of Egyptian matrons doing the hospitals, a much larger group of youth leaders, of sixteen countries, studying Britain's youth services, delegations from Nairobi and Paris scrutinising police and fire-fighting methods.

Yes, a trip to Britain these days is a "must," for here things are being tried out, and foreign and overseas observers can see the wheels go round, the effect on the people. They are getting a free show instead of having to go through it themselves and sift by painful trial and error.

Whatever the findings, it is at once a tribute to the continued national vitality and recognition of the void that would require to be filled, did Britain fall out.

Britain has lost much in popularity since the thrilling days of 1945. Those who were abroad then, and who go there now, will bear this out. Many will agree, too, that a governing party with a natural aptitude for thinking of other people, would have conserved so valuable an asset. All the same, many more people still wish Britain well, than crow over her vast difficulties, part the workings of national destiny, part man-made, after a great but too exhausting victory.

MR. ERNEST BEVIN RECEIVES A SENATORIAL MISSION: Britain's Foreign Secretary with members of the special sub-committee of the U.S. Senate Appropriations Committee now touring the world to see how American defence monies are spent in various countries. On the extreme left is Senator William E. Jenner (Republican, Indiana), and in the group towards the right are Senator Allen J. Ellender (Democrat, Louisiana), Senator Theodore F. Green (Democrat, Rhode Island), and Senator Homer Ferguson (Republican, Michigan)

A RUSSIAN DELEGATION IN LONDON: Academician V. P. Volgin (left centre), Vice-President of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, with fellow-delegates to the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. Seated in the centre is Mr. D. N. Pritt, protagonist in the fight for closer relations with the Soviet Union

SPAIN'S CHIEF OF STATE MEETS THE AGED PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL: General Francisco Franco and President Antonio Carmona seen at the gala reception held at midnight at the Ajuda Palace, Lisbon, following General Franco's arrival by air from Madrid. Seated on the left is Senhora Fragoso Carmona, the First Lady of Portugal, and next to her is Dona Carmen Polo Franco

GENERAL FRANCO'S STATE VISIT to PORTUGAL

His Meeting with President Carmona and Premier Salazar

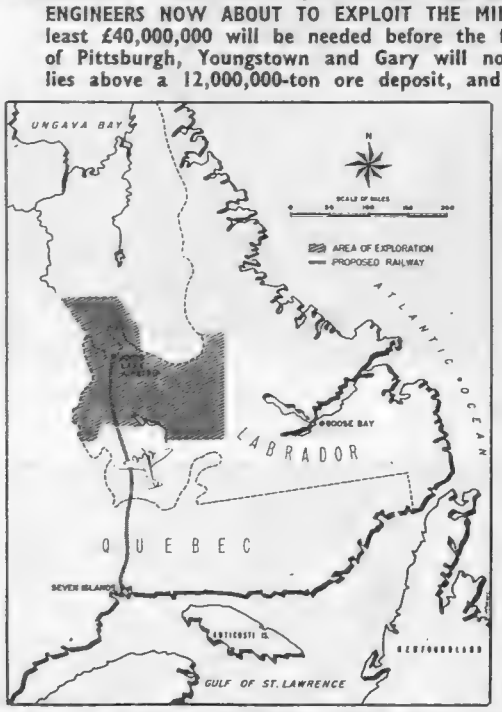
Britain's oldest ally, Portugal, and Spain, the kingdom with the vacant throne, have been celebrating their joint solidarity against Communism with the State visit of General Franco to Lisbon, where the Spanish leader has been received with every show of honour by President Antonio Carmona. These pictures show the official reception at the Ajuda Palace, which took place following General Franco's arrival in Lisbon. The General was received at the airport by a guard of honour of 4,000 men from the Portuguese Army and Navy, and there was also a military parade. During his stay General Franco was accommodated at the Queluz Palace.

ENTERING THE STATE DINING-ROOM AT LISBON'S AJUDA PALACE: Dona Carmen Polo Franco on the arm of President Antonio Carmona. Following them are General Franco and Senhora Fragoso Carmona. On the right is President Carmona's aide, Major Nunes

STUDY IN IBERIAN DIPLOMACY: Portugal's Premier, Olveira Salazar, seen in conversation with General Franco, head of the Spanish State. Standing in the centre is the Spanish Foreign Minister, Alberto Artajo

DIPLOMATIC GREETINGS AT THE AJUDA: Santos da Costa, the Minister for the Portuguese Army, is seen (centre) shaking hands with General Franco. On the left, Portuguese Foreign Minister Senhor Damatta is kissing the hand of Senhora Carmona, wife of the Portuguese President. Standing (left centre) are the Portuguese Navy Minister, Senhor Americo Tomas, and Senhora Tomas. Standing behind General Franco (wearing spectacles) is Portugal's Minister of the Interior, Senhor de Abreao

WHERE THE TRAIL OF '49 LEADS—AN AERIAL VIEW OF BURNT CREEK, THE LARGEST CAMP IN THE UNGAVA AREA AND THE BASE FOR ALL OPERATIONS OF THE ENGINEERS NOW ABOUT TO EXPLOIT THE MILLIONS OF TONS OF IRON ORE KNOWN TO EXIST ON THE QUEBEC-LABRADOR BORDER: Five years and an expenditure of at least £40,000,000 will be needed before the first of the ore is brought into use, but the development of this immense field is at least insurance that the steel mills of Pittsburgh, Youngstown and Gary will not run short of raw material when the dwindling deposits round Lake Superior eventually give out. Burnt Creek itself lies above a 12,000,000-ton ore deposit, and any city that may rise in the area will probably be centred on Knob Lake, where the new seaplane base is located



POTENTIALLY ONE OF THE RICHEST IRON-ORE FIELDS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE: This sketch-map shows the route from Seven Islands, on the St. Lawrence, to the Ungava mining area on the Quebec-Labrador border. The shaded area is now under exploration and is being prepared for development. A railway will be built from Seven Islands to Knob Lake

SURVEYING IN THE UNGAVA AREA: Two surveyors about to be taken home by helicopter after their day's work in the wilderness. This means of transport enables them to cover immense distances when operating from a single base at Burnt Creek. Assays made in this Ungava area show 58·15 per cent. natural iron, a high average indeed

THE TRAIL OF '49

TO THE FABULOUS IRON-ORE FIELDS IN THE HINTERLAND OF N.-E. CANADA

Perhaps the richest treasure trail of all time is under construction in the hinterland of north-east Canada. From Seven Islands, on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, this multi-million-dollar trail traverses 360 tough, treacherous miles through the rocky wilderness of Northern Quebec to the fabulous iron-ore fields that surround the frontier settlement of Burnt Creek, on the Quebec-Labrador border. It is blazed beyond to Ungava Bay, on Hudson Strait. This is the trail of '49. It is not like the trail "sour-doughs" seeking gold tramped to the Klondike in '98. Men and mining equipment travel to-day's trail by air. Moreover, most of them are not searching for anything. They know what is at the end of the trail—high-grade iron ore—hundreds of millions of tons of it. The economic eyes of the North American continent are on this vast treasure-trove. Its importance to the steel and fabrication industries of the United States and Canada is profound. The repercussions of its development will be felt from Maine to Minnesota, from the hills of West Virginia to the ice-bound inlets of Labrador. To the United Kingdom and Europe this iron-rich region of Canada is assurance that the raw materials to make steel sinews—strength for the future—are guaranteed in abundance for decades to come. To the steel mills of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and Gary, Indiana and the dependent industries that fan out from them for hundreds of miles, Ungava iron ore is insurance that when the dwindling

A NEW ROAD DRIVEN THROUGH THE CANADIAN HINTERLAND ON THE QUEBEC-LABRADOR BORDER: This is a stretch of the 130 miles of highway built by the business interests now engaged in developing Ungava. Some of the roads round the Burnt Creek Camp are in first-class condition. On *right*—The falls at Eaton Canyon, on the Kaniapiskau River. This great river, which empties into Ungava Bay, is the prospective power source for the mining companies in the hinterland. A subsidiary company has already been launched to develop these power resources

FOCAL-POINT OF THE TRANSPORT SYSTEM BETWEEN CANADIAN CIVILISATION AND THE FABULOUS IRON-ORE FIELDS OF THE QUEBEC HINTERLAND: The air base at Knob Lake, Ungava, to which the pilots bring supplies from the south. In time it is hoped to push the railway through from the port of Seven Islands to Knob Lake

deposits of the Mesabi Range, in the Lake Superior area, are depleted, the blast-furnace fires will not go hungry. To the New England States, this wealth of iron ore offers the opportunity for industrial rejuvenation. About 1,000 miles by sea from Seven Islands, Quebec, Boston may become the second steel centre of the United States. Surrounding states and cities would benefit by the establishment of steel satellite industries.

The problem of transporting Ungava iron ore may be decisive in development of the St. Lawrence seaway which envisages enlargement of the inland waterway to permit passage of ocean-going ships. Such a seaway would make possible more economical delivery of iron ore at ports close to the inland industrial areas.

None of this is idle speculation. Hollinger Consolidated, with its American associate, the M. A. Hanna Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, was the first to probe the extent and richness of Ungava deposits. This company has already proved the existence of more than 324,000,000 tons of iron ore. Assays of the ore showed as high as 69 per cent. natural iron, and the average has been 58·5 per cent. compared with 51·5 per cent. in ore obtained from the Mesabi Range in Minnesota. Hollinger has constructed a complete mining community on its properties at Burnt Creek. Hollinger pioneering is but the beginning. North of this immense iron empire are the concessions of Noranda, Frobisher Exploration, Quebec-Labrador Development Company and Fenimore Iron Mines, each 1,000 to 1,500 square miles in area.

This is one of the greatest gambles ever made in Canada by private capital. Companies operating in Ungava have already spent an estimated 7,000,000 dollars. This is pin-money compared to the princely sum necessary to ransom the first pound of iron ore from the Ungava wilderness. A total of 200,000,000 dollars must be found in the next five years. The railway which is now being surveyed from Burnt Creek to Seven Islands will cost 50,000,000 dollars. It will take 45,000,000 dollars to provide Diesel-electric locomotives, a fleet of ore cars and other essential equipment. Giant ore docks capable of handling 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 tons of iron ore a year at Seven Islands will absorb 10,000,000 dollars. Some 7,000,000 dollars will be spent for the initial hydro-electric power plant on the Kaniapiskau River, the first of the abundant nearby water power resources to be harnessed. Millions more will be needed to build the towns of Burnt Creek and Seven Islands and install mining machinery on the ore-bearing Ungava terrain.

To-day several hundred people live in Burnt Creek. Five years from now those who know the potential of this land of iron predict the population of Burnt Creek will be 5,000; that of Seven Islands 10,000. They say Ungava can supply about a billion tons of iron ore, enough to meet normal needs for almost a century. Such is the "pot of gold" at the end of the trail of '49.

FIFTY-NINE NATIONS MEET IN MANHATTAN

The End of the Communist Trial, and Other International News in Pictures

"THE WORKSHOP OF PEACE"—A SPECIAL OUTDOOR SESSION OF THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY: REPRESENTATIVES OF FIFTY-NINE COUNTRIES MEET IN MANHATTAN AS PRESIDENT TRUMAN DEDICATED THE PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS. ***Left*****—The scene during the laying of the corner-stone by Secretary-General Trygve Lie, who is standing on the platform in the left foreground.** ***Right*****—President Truman shaking hands with the Russian Foreign Minister, Mr. Vishinsky**

On the fourth anniversary of the United Nations Charter, delegates of fifty-nine countries gathered at an open-air session on Forty-Second Street, New York, where they heard President Truman dedicate "the workshop of peace," as he called the United Nations permanent headquarters. Sixteen thousand spectators attended the ceremony, and the atmosphere was one of good humour and conviviality, with Governor Dewey of New York chatting amiably with his old political opponent, President Truman, and Sir Hartley Shawcross and Mr. Vishinsky, who have so often crossed swords in debate, seated side by side. The motif, emblazoned on all sides, was world peace symbolised by the United Nations flag. One flag flew from the summit of the framework of the adjoining United Nations Secretariat building which is already well on the way towards completion. The ceremonies were broadcast to the world in twenty-six languages.

THE CURTAIN GOES DOWN ON A "CAUSE CÉLÈBRE": An overhead view of the Federal Courthouse, New York, as crowds gathered to hear the verdict in the trial of the eleven Communist leaders who for the past nine months have faced charges of advocating the overthrow of the United States

MOUNTED POLICE TAKE UP POSITIONS OUTSIDE THE FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, MANHATTAN, AS CROWDS AWAIT THE VERDICT IN THE COMMUNIST TRIAL: Just in front of the police are some of the hundreds of Communist pickets who marched silently in Foley Square. Federal Judge Harold Medina passed sentence on the eleven leaders. Ten of them received five years in prison and fines of 10,000 dollars each. The eleventh received three years and a 10,000-dollar fine. After imposing sentence the judge denied bail pending appeal. Robert Thompson, the Communist who received the three-year sentence, was dealt with leniently because of his war record, which was summoned in court

APPLAUSE IN THE PLAZA DE MAYO: President Peron and Señhora Eva Peron on the balcony of Government House, Buenos Aires, where they received a vociferous welcome from the crowds on the fourth anniversary of Peron's Presidency. From the balcony the President asked the multitude if they still approved of his Government. The answer was a resounding "Yes!"

VICTORIA'S NEW GOVERNOR ACKNOWLEDGES THE POPULAR WELCOME IN THE STREETS OF MELBOURNE: Sir Dallas Brooks driving with Lady Brooks and their daughter, Jeanette, to the official inauguration ceremony. After landing from the liner "Orcades," Sir Dallas drove in State to Parliament House accompanied by a cavalcade of armoured vehicles and police motor-cycles. Later he paid a visit to Melbourne's Shrine of Remembrance

BIBLICAL RELICS ON VIEW IN WASHINGTON—ONE OF THE SCROLLS DISCOVERED IN PALESTINE IN 1947 : The Rev. Athanasius Yeshue Samuel, Archbishop and Metropolitan of Jerusalem and Transjordan, who loaned three of the Hebrew scrolls to the Library of Congress for an exhibition in connection with the National Bible Week. These scrolls, found by a goatherd in a cave near Jericho, caused a controversy after the announcement of their discovery. It was declared that secrecy had surrounded the manuscripts which were not made readily available to scholars for deciphering

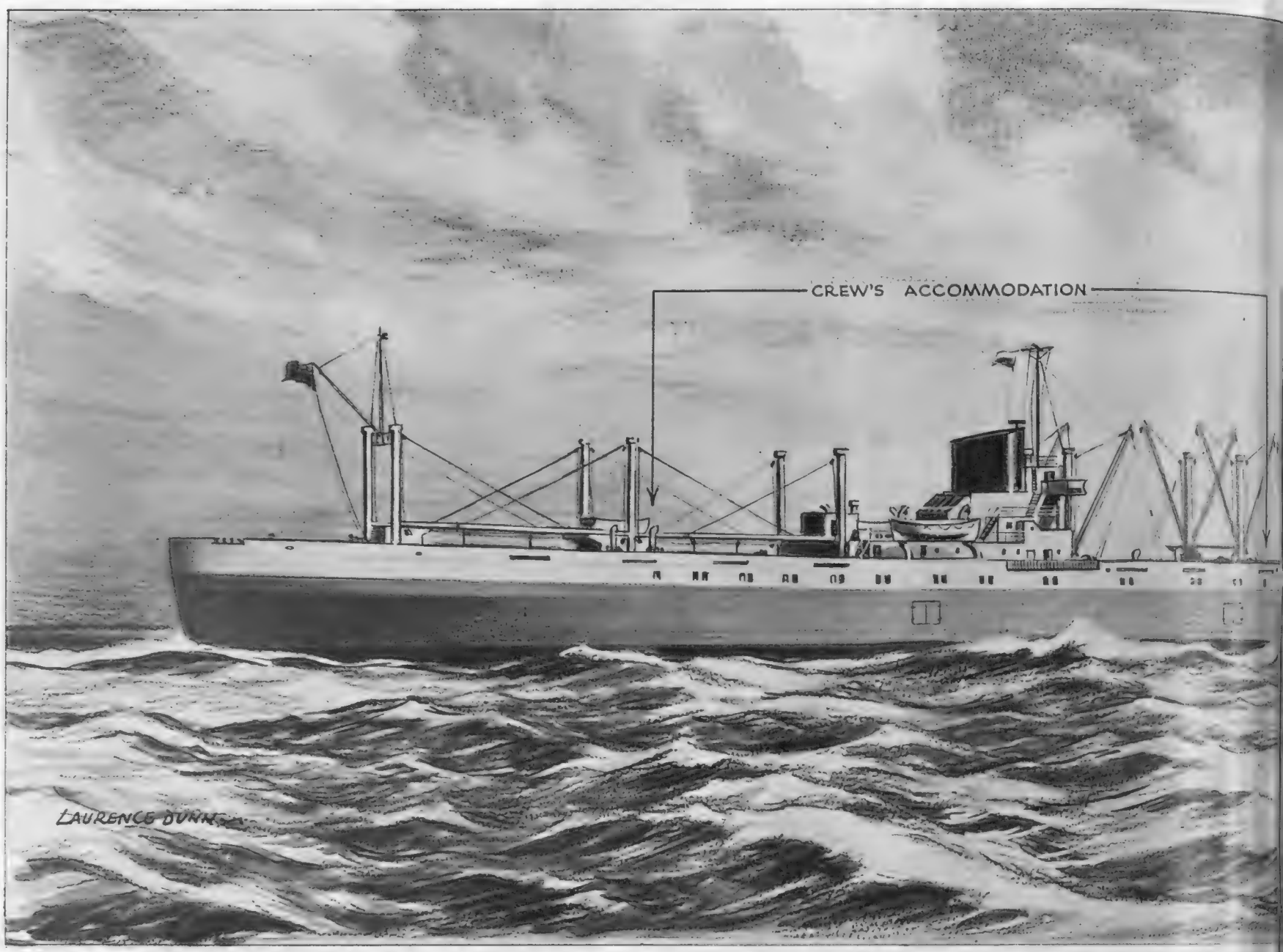
POWER IN PROVENCE : The hydro-electric plant at Castillon, on the River Verdon, in Provence, is one of the most impressive schemes of its kind undertaken in France in recent years. The vast concrete wall is 330 ft. high, and the artificial lake created by the dam extends for many miles upstream. At the foot of the dam four generator turbines, powered by a 300-ft. fall, have an annual productive capacity of 80,000,000 kilowatt hours. The waters stored in the artificial lake during the melting of the snow in spring can be used in summer not only to produce electricity but also for irrigation in the lower Durance valley. This should help to maintain the fertility of a region so often stricken by summer droughts. Work was begun on the scheme after the First World War; but it was interrupted in 1932 because of the difficulty of stopping up fissures in the limestone of the river-bed. Work was resumed in 1942. Almost all the electrical and hydraulic material in this plant is of German manufacture. It was delivered to France as reparations in 1930

THE RUSSIANS RETURN LEND-LEASE WARSHIPS TO THE UNITED STATES AT A CEREMONY AT YOKOSUKA NAVAL BASE, JAPAN : This was the scene on board the destroyer escort "Tacoma" as this and eight other vessels were transferred from the Russian Navy to the United States Navy. The vessels were given to the Russians early in 1945. The hand-over ceremony was brief, consisting of an exchange of ship's papers between Admiral Decker, of the United States Navy, and Captain Korovkin, of the Russian Navy. The American Press was inclined to be upset because correspondents and cameramen were shooed away from the *Tacoma* by Soviet guards after being expressly invited aboard by Admiral Decker. There was a touch of comedy when the correspondents watched the ceremony from a travelling crane

FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM'S VISIT TO THE INDIAN ARMY : The Chief of the Imperial General Staff with Lady Nye, wife of the British High Commissioner in India, and Mr. Baldev Singh, the Indian Defence Minister, at a reception given in Sir William's honour on his arrival in Delhi. While in Delhi he took part in a series of informal conferences with members of the Indian Government and the Indian Army. In the course of his stay Sir William visited Dharamsal, which is the training centre of the First Gurkha Regiment, of which he is Colonel. He also took the salute at a parade in Delhi cantonment. At the end of the visit he left for Hong Kong to confer with commanders and inspect defences

THE HAVOC OF THE GUATEMALA FLOODS—WHERE 4,000 PEOPLE HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES AND 70,000 HAVE BEEN RENDERED HOMELESS : *Left*—An aerial view of the inundation at Iztapa, on the Pacific coast, where the greater part of the town was swamped. *Right*—Residents of adobe homes in Guatemala city in their flooded patio

Guatemala's Foreign Minister has announced that deaths from the recent floods, at first thought to be 1,000, are now about 4,000, and that damage to property in Guatemala is estimated at at least £10,000,000. The greatest tragedies were at Iztapa, on the Pacific coast, where water came pouring in through the broken sea-wall, and at Escuintla, a town of 26,000 inhabitants, where there are now 1,000 children whose parents were victims of the floods. The Government of Guatemala has been making immense efforts to aid the victims, but as there are no communications with many of the stricken villages of the interior, these efforts have necessarily been hampered. An air survey shows that many villages have been wiped out.



THE M.V. "WANSTEAD," THE WORLD'S FIRST LUXURY CARGO LINER: The M.V. "Wanstead" (approximately 8,600 tons deadweight), which has just run her trials and was due to start on her maiden voyage this week. She has been built for Watts Watts and Co. Ltd. by the Caledon Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., of Dundee, and will operate on their service between Montreal and European ports, probably calling at Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Hamburg at the eastward end of her run. Her luxury accommodation for the crew is shown in detail in some of the pictures on these pages

In the nineteenth century, when the name of Ismay loomed large in shipping circles, came the great revolution in ship furnishing. Those who had been accustomed to roughing-it on the Western Ocean and never expected anything better than the crudest of quarters on a voyage to America, were suddenly confronted with real luxury afloat. The passenger liner became a floating luxury hotel. On every route on the seven seas luxury came to stay, but the crew's quarters in all but a few instances remained woefully inadequate. In the present century efforts have been made to right the situation. In cargo liners and tramp steamers little or nothing has been done, however, until now. To Watts Watts and Co. goes the credit for a new step forward in the standard of crew accommodation, and the drawings by Mr. Dunn on these pages show something of what has been achieved in the M.V. *Wanstead*. The fact has been borne in mind that the North Atlantic route is one of the most strenuous in the world from a weather point of view, and every effort has been made to ensure the maximum comfort for officers and men when off watch. The captain, the chief officer and the chief engineer each have self-contained quarters containing day-room, bedroom and bathroom. The officers' lounge and dining-room are pleasant and airy, while the men's cafeteria, their recreation-room and their individual cabins reach a standard which it is hoped will be approached in future by other companies.

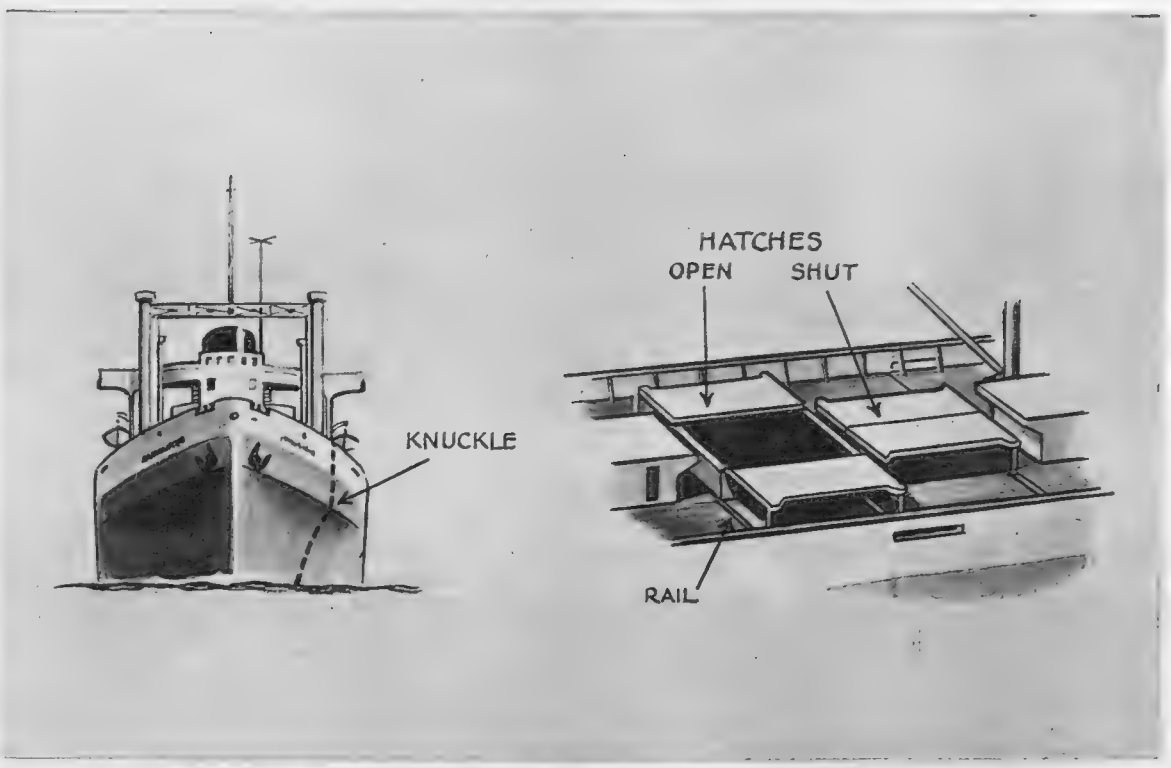
THE RECREATION-ROOM FOR THE CREW IN THE M.V. "WANSTEAD": This room has walls panelled in pale pink plastic sheeting, blue curtains and a blue linoleum floor. The room is generously furnished with settees, armchairs and card-tables, and the walls are decorated with lithographs of work by contemporary artists. Facilities for playing darts and table tennis are available, and there is storage space for books and games

THE CREW'S CAFETERIA: An innovation for a ship of this type is the adoption of cafeteria-style service for the crew, who pick up their trays and crockery from racks under the counter, slide their trays along and obtain their food from the serving hatchway before moving to the tables. The cafeteria seats 26 at plastic-topped tables for two and four people

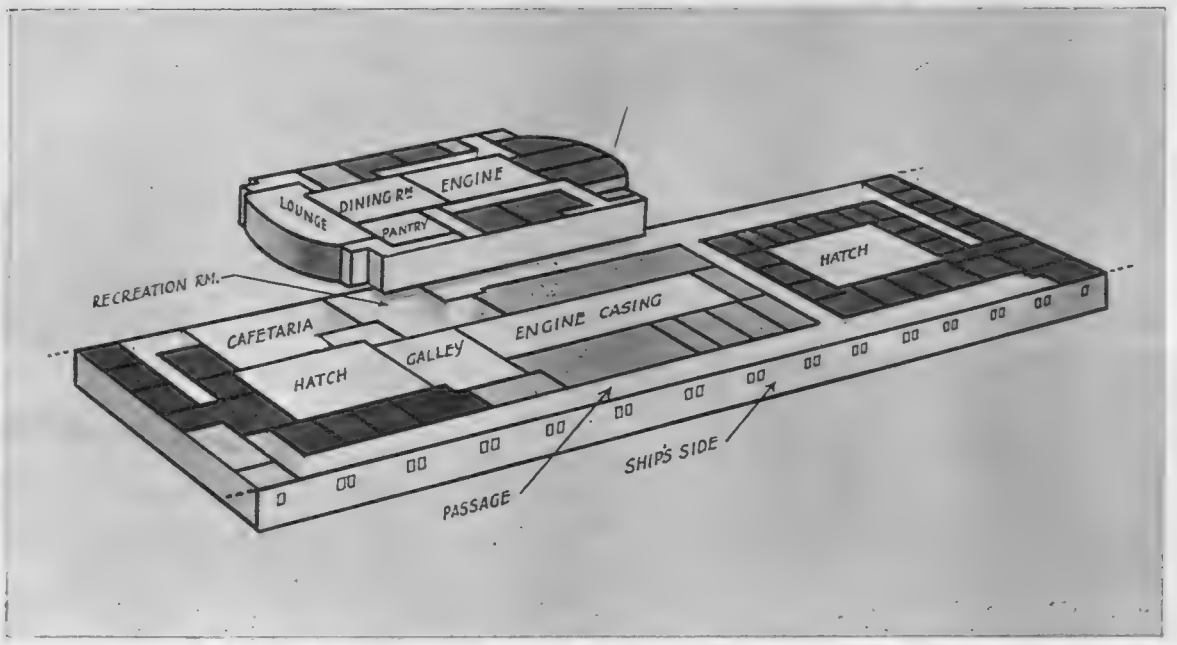
THE WORLD'S FIRST LUXURY CARGO LINER

SOME ASPECTS OF THE M.V. "WANSTEAD," SHOWING HER SPECIALISED CREW ACCOMMODATION

Special Sphere Drawings by L. T. DUNN



TWO FEATURES OF THE "WANSTEAD'S" CARGO-CARRYING CAPACITY: The drawing on the left shows the "knuckle" which is incorporated fore and aft in order to give extra hull-space. This is of special value when light, bulky cargoes are carried. The drawing on the right shows the patent sliding steel hatch-covers. These run on well-oiled rails and respond with ease. The need for bulky tarpaulins is thus entirely eliminated



ALL ACCOMMODATION IN THE NEW LUXURY CARGO LINER IS SITUATED AMIDSHIPS: This drawing shows the crew's cafeteria and recreation-room and the long alleyway which lights the interior of the ship. The lounge, dining-room and pantry above are for the use of the ship's officers. There is also a suite for the owner

A SEPARATE CABIN IS PROVIDED FOR EACH MEMBER OF THE CREW: One of these cabins is seen on the right. It leads out on to one of the long alleyways running down the port and starboard sides. To avoid the atmosphere of a long corridor, the alleyways are laid out in order to resemble lounges

THE OFFICERS' LOUNGE: The officers' lounge is a pleasant, airy room with a sweeping, curved after-wall commanding a fine view over the stern of the ship. The room, which is panelled in eucalyptus, is in effect divided into two parts. One part—the quiet section—is for relaxing, reading and writing; the other part is to be used for table tennis, card games, etc. This division is made by a full-height partition wall

THE CRUMBLING RUINS OF PESHAWARUN, WHICH ONCE BOASTED A POPULATION OF BETWEEN 50,000 AND 100,000 : The city, which flourished in the days of the Crusades, has been discovered in the Afghan desert, 280 miles south of Herat. The discoverer was Mr. Walter A. Fairservis, of the American Museum of Natural History, who came upon the place during an expedition last summer

THE CRUMBLING RUINS OF PESHAWARUN : Mr. Fairservis, of the American Museum of Natural History, came upon the lost imperial city by mere chance. He declares that it once had an area of 30 square miles

THE LOST CITY OF PESHAWARUN

An American's Discovery in the Wilds of Afghanistan

From the end of the tenth century Afghanistan formed the principal highway of the Muslim invasion of India. On that highway, legend has it, there was once a great imperial city called Peshawarun, where 50,000 or more people lived and thrived and Afghan princes and merchants lorded over them in great splendour. There are no written records of Peshawarun, however, and until last summer most archæologists who ever gave the matter any thought guessed that the city had long since vanished into the sands of the desert.

During August Mr. Walter A. Fairservis, of the American Museum of Natural History, and his colleagues were travelling by jeep and trailer through the Desert of Death, or Dashti Margo area, of South-Western Afghanistan, when in the distance they saw some reddish-brown mounds which looked as if they might be a village. As they got nearer, the party could make out a great fortress, the domes of mosques and a massive wall with towers. In the deserted city the explorers found many wells, but all were dry. There were evidences that the water-table of the whole area had been lowered. Mr. Fairservis had to drive 75 miles for water, which he brought back in cans, enabling the party to spend eight days studying the ghostly place.

The structures were of the Muhammadan period. Buildings, aqueducts and fountains were in good preservation, but the surrounding walls had been eaten away in places by the blown sand. Mr. Fairservis said the walls were 10 to 15 ft. thick, with chambers in them. They also had built-in "elephant steps." The city was six miles long and five miles wide.

Although the explorers' quest was for relics of periods long before the Muhammadan, they were fascinated by their find. They have brought back from the place glazed pottery which Mr. Fairservis describes as some of the finest in the world; iron and bronze tools and utensils, fabrics, and bracelets made of something which he says is remarkably like modern plastic but probably is of animal origin. These materials will go on display at the American Museum of Natural History in January.

According to Afghan legends, Peshawarun was abandoned when invaders cut off its water sources in the mountains.

Some Afghan scholars believe that the people who abandoned Peshawarun journeyed 700 miles across desert and mountains and founded what is now the city of Peshawar, for many years the headquarters of British forces defending the north-west frontier of India.

The group headed by Mr. Fairservis made up the first American archæological expedition ever sent to Afghanistan. A larger expedition will be sent by the Museum next summer for excavation and study.

FOR EIGHT CENTURIES THE AFGHAN SUN HAS BLAZED DOWN UPON THESE MOULDERING WALLS : Everywhere in the lost city is evidence of past days of glory. It is thought that the people left it because their water supply disappeared, possibly through natural causes, possibly through the machinations of their enemies

EATEN AWAY BY THE SANDSTORMS OF THE DESERT : Another group of buildings in Peshawarun, where the explorers saw no life save for a few desert vipers climbing among the walls. Buildings, aqueducts and fountains were all found in a recognisable state. In some places the walls are 10 to 15 ft. thick

THE COMET IS MADE READY FOR THE START OF ITS AFRICAN FLIGHT : The air-liner at London Airport before taking off for Libya. After touching down at Castel Benito the Comet was flown back to London, covering the whole journey to Africa and back in 8¾ hours. The time spent in the air was 6 hours 38 mins.

BY COMET TO AFRICA AND BACK IN 6½ HRS.

The Achievement of Britain's First Four-Jet Air-liner

The de Havilland Comet, the world's first four-jet air-liner, which won golden opinions in its preliminary trials, has now showed its paces on a remarkable overseas flight. Once again Group Captain Cunningham was at the controls, and this thirty-six-passenger aircraft, averaging almost 450 m.p.h., left London, touched down at Castel Benito, Libya, and returned to London all in the space of a morning and afternoon. In this 3,000-mile flight the Comet was never going all out. It has been flown at a true air speed of 540 m.p.h., but on this occasion it seldom exceeded 500 m.p.h., the fastest spell being between Tunis and Marseilles on the return trip. The whole journey was done in about ninety minutes under the time taken for an ordinary scheduled flight by a B.O.A.C. air-liner. The fuel consumption was just about half the available supply of paraffin.

THE MAN AT THE CONTROLS : Group Captain Cunningham, de Havilland test pilot

THE DE HAVILLAND COMET COMES IN TO LAND AT THE END OF THE RECORD FLIGHT TO LIBYA AND BACK : The great air-liner over London Airport a few moments before making a faultless landing. Sixteen Comets are being built, two for the Ministry of Supply and the remainder for B.O.A.C. They were ordered off the drawing-board, and are in production. They will probably be in service on the longer-range Empire routes by 1952, and they may also be used on other trunk routes

GREETINGS FOR THE RETURNED WANDERER : The crowd rushing forward at London Airport after the Comet had landed. The main purpose of this flight was to test fuel consumption, also navigational and radio equipment. Even longer flights are contemplated in the near future. Since the Comet flew for the first time during the summer its trials have continued with remarkable smoothness. During the North African flight Group Captain Cunningham's colleagues were busy making fuel checks, and also deciding on the air-liner's most economical cruising speed. The next long-distance flight will almost certainly be through the tropics, and during the next twelve months an exhaustive long-distance programme has been arranged for the aircraft

THE REPUBLIC THUNDERJET—A WARPLANE THAT COULD SINK A BATTLESHIP OR DESTROY A VILLAGE: The Thunderjet fighter-bomber seen at Aglin Air Force Base, Florida, with its vast armament of high-velocity rockets slung beneath the fuselage. *Inset on left*—The Thunderjet equipped with two 1,200-lb. "Tiny Tim" rockets

THE THUNDERJET

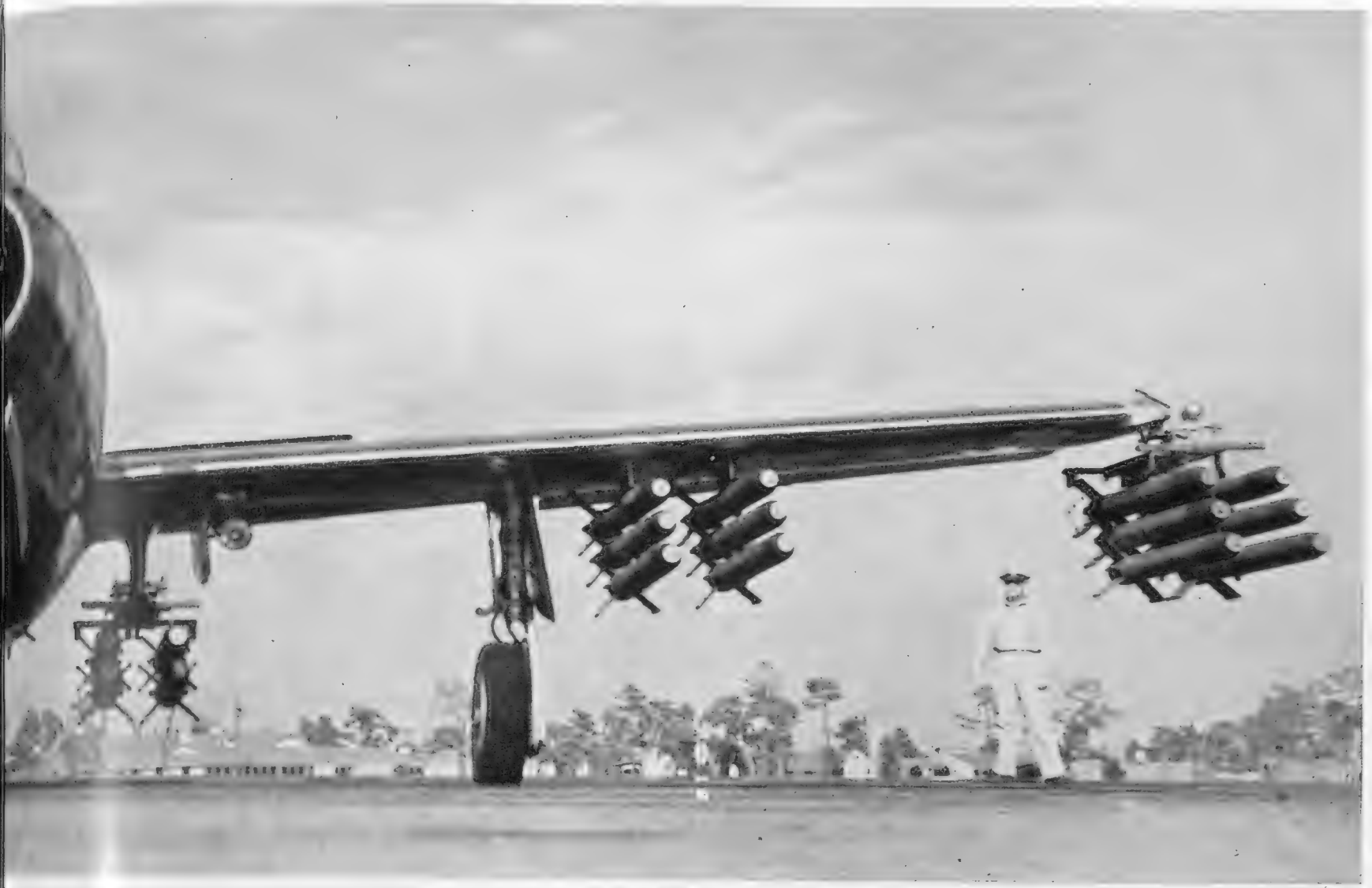
AMERICA'S WARSHIP OF THE CLOUDS

And Other Aviation News from the United States

THE FIRST PILOTLESS HELICOPTER FLIGHT: It has just been achieved by this Hiller 360, which is seen flying unaided over San Francisco Bay at an altitude of about 3,800 ft. The builders say the flight was made possible by development of what they call a "Rotar-Matic" system of control. Flight observers are shown seated on each side of the helicopter's engine. Note the empty cockpit. The Hiller 360 is a three-seat commercial helicopter driven by a 178-h.p. six-cylinder horizontally-opposed fan-cooled engine. It has a maximum cruising speed of 84 m.p.h. and an operating speed of 76 m.p.h. A Hiller recently completed a coast-to-coast flight in the United States

While Britain leads the field with prototype aircraft in civil aviation, the American Air Force and the American Naval Air Force are clearly ahead in the development of combat aircraft, which they have endowed with a vast striking power, as witness the Republic Thunderjet and its mighty armament.

The first and second prototypes of the Thunderjet flew in 1946, Thunderjet No. 2 achieving a speed of 611 m.p.h. during a speed record attempt at Lake Muroc in that year. The plane gave obvious satisfaction to heads of the Services, and from it has been developed the F 84 E, which is seen in the accompanying pictures. The F 84 E was fitted with an Allison engine rated at 5,000 lb. static thrust, and considerable structural modifications were made to allow of increasing loads. Today this powerful weapon of war emerges with an armament of 5-in. high-velocity rockets or alternatively equipped with four slings of 5-in. rockets and two "Tiny Tims." The "Tiny Tim" rockets of 11·75 ins. can pierce at least 3 ins. of armour, exploding after penetration, and they are slung directly beneath the fuselage of the Thunderjet. The "Tiny Tim" was the subject of intensive tests in 1947 at the U.S. Naval Testing Station at Inyokern, California. It was at first fired from a launching rail, and when its characteristics had been fully established, various aircraft were slung on cradles and further firing tests were undertaken. In these tests the Republic Thunderjet apparently emerged successful. It is probable that the "Tiny Tim" rocket will become a standard feature of the U.S. Navy's medium bombers and of the United States Air Force's fighter-bombers.



THE FLYING PETROL PUMP, NEW VERSION—A B-50 SUPERFORTRESS OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE BEING REFUELLED BY A B-29 SUPERFORTRESS ABOVE WICHITA, KANSAS: This new system of refuelling, developed by the Boeing Aircraft Company, is carried out by means of a fuel pipe which is telescoped from the tail of the tanker. The receiving plane flies in towards the rigid pipe and grips it in a fuel-tight joint. It is claimed that this technique permits bombers to refuel more rapidly and at greater altitudes than by the flexible hosepipe system previously used. The pioneers of the flying petrol pump are the British firm of Flight Refuelling Ltd., sponsored by Sir Alan Cobham. Last summer they gave a series of demonstrations of their technique with the aid of a tanker and a jet Meteor, the former supplying the latter with enough fuel to cover 3,000 miles during a succession of link-ups made at hourly intervals. Boeing Aircraft are much later in the field with their method, wh.ch obviously owes much to British inventiveness

HONG KONG

WITH THE COMMUNISTS MASSED ON THE BORDER

The Crown Colony of Hong Kong was ceded by China to Great Britain in January 1841, and the charter bears the date April 5, 1843. Since then the colony at the mouth of the Canton River has been almost continuously in British hands, the only break being during the Japanese occupation of the Second World War. Now China has new masters. The Communist forces of Maotze have marched across the land from Mukden to the gates of Canton, and soon they will be spreading westwards to the Tibetan border and the mountains of Yunnan, where the Burma Road forms the last Nationalist life-line. With the occupation of Canton, Hong Kong and the leased territories became ringed with Communist troops. The exchanges between the Hong Kong police and the Communist guards were friendly enough, but the situation was one of tensity, for Britain had packed into this narrow colonial domain a vast armament and a great weight of well-trained troops. It remained to be seen how the Communists would react to this show of force. Moscow radio, in a commentary on the Chinese revolution, has declared "the imperialist game in China is ended," and something of the same sort has already been said by the Chinese Communist leaders.

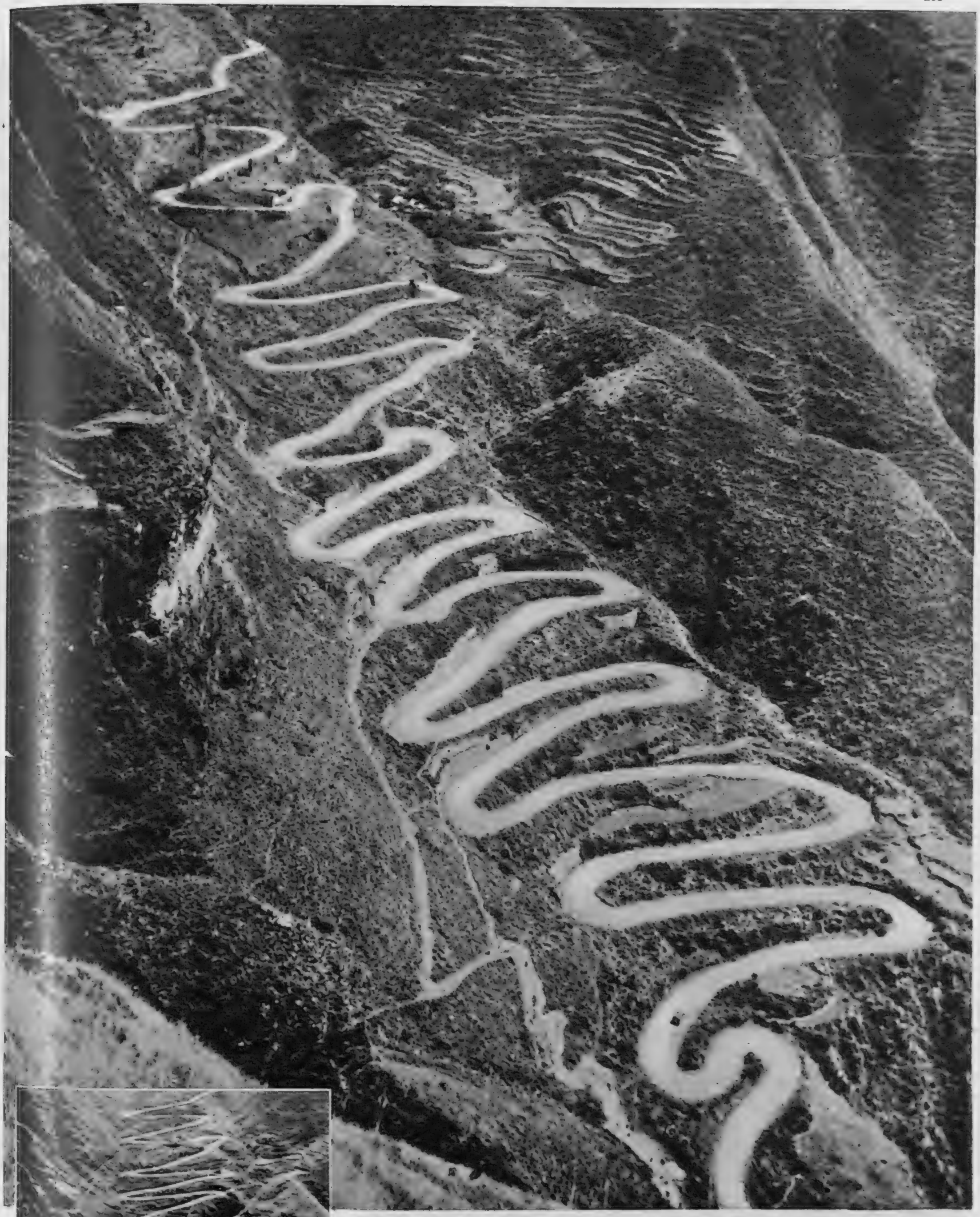
THEY FLED FROM CANTON AS THE COMMUNIST VANGUARD REACHED THE GATES OF THE CITY: Refugees arriving at Kowloon railway station, the mainland terminus in the British colony of Hong Kong. They came through on one of the last trains before communications were cut, swelling the ranks of the refugees who have been streaming into Hong Kong during the recent months of turmoil in South China. Ships and river craft trading between Canton and Hong Kong also ceased their services after the fall of the southern capital

STUDENTS WELCOME THE OCCUPATION OF SHATAUKOK: Beating drums and carrying banners, they marched and counter-marched to celebrate the arrival of the Communists in their town on Hong Kong's border. Communists entered the town without opposition, the Nationalists having withdrawn

MORE TROOPS TO STRENGTHEN THE HONG KONG GARRISON: In shorts and bush shirts and with kitbags on their shoulders, they land in Hong Kong on a typically humid day. Reinforcements of line regiments have been pouring into the colony in recent months. Artillery and armoured units have also massed there

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER: A sub-inspector of the Hong Kong police force greeting a Communist commander in the village of Shataukok, on the boundaries of Kwangtung Province, South China, and Hong Kong

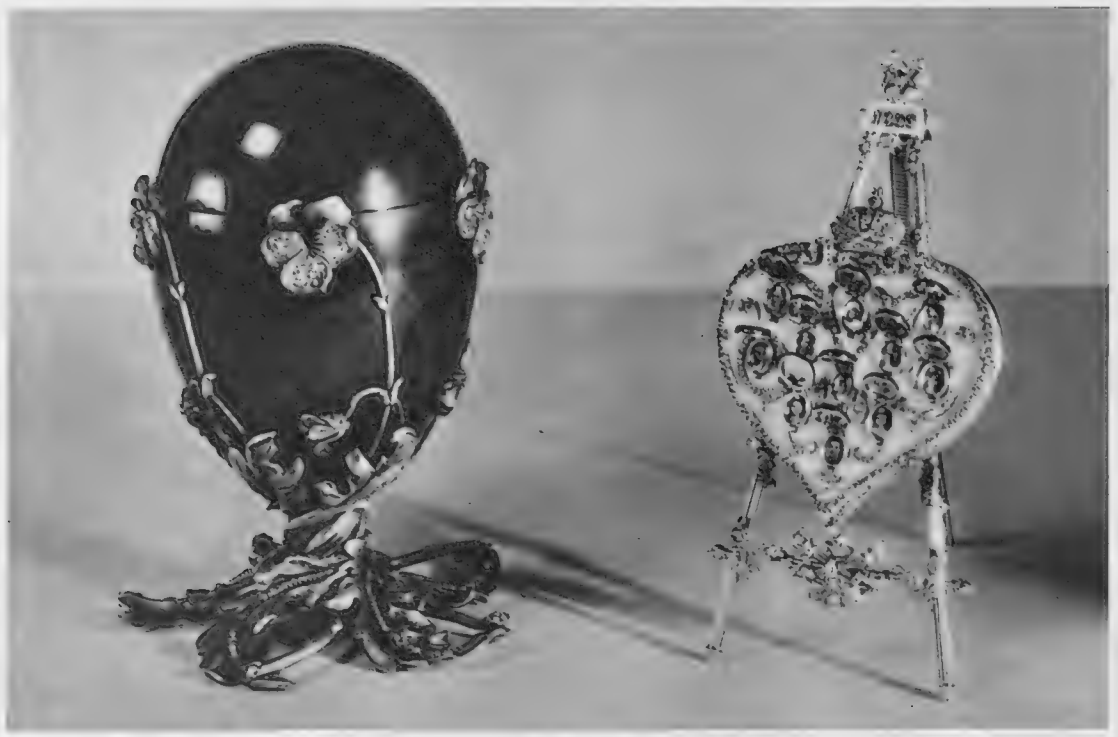
RUNNING REPAIRS ON THE DECK OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "TRIUMPH" IN HONG KONG HARBOUR: Seafires and R.A.F. Spitfires are among the fighters operating in the colony, and the pilots have been busy during recent weeks in familiarising themselves with the mountainous terrain lying between the island of Victoria and the borders of Kwangtung Province. Land-based fighters fly from the Kai-Tak airfield



WHERE THE BURMA ROAD TWISTS AND TURNS ON A SERIES OF RIDGES AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS OF YUNNAN PROVINCE EN ROUTE FROM LASHIO, BURMA, TO KUNMING, WESTERN CHINA: *Above* and *inset on left*—These two aerial views give a magnificent impression of the great highway which, in the Second World War, when China's seaboard was in Japanese hands, proved the sole artery of supplies for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalist forces. Now once again the Burma Road is Chiang's sole artery, this time in his fight against the Communists who have overrun China from Manchuria to Canton, and may soon be spreading westwards to achieve the complete domination of the land. In the foreground of the above picture a truck may be seen rounding a curve in the road. When he reaches the summit of this range the driver will be able to look down on layer upon layer of the same range. Whether the Burma Road can now save Chiang Kai-shek in the face of mounting odds seems doubtful, but the fact remains that for this soldier of fortune the wheel has turned full circle. More than once before he has fought his way back from a seemingly hopeless position when ringed with determined enemies

THE BURMA ROAD IN WAR USE AGAIN

IN 1949 IT ONCE MORE BECOMES A SUPPLY-LINE FOR CHIANG KAI-SHEK



AN IMPERIAL RUSSIAN EASTER EGG : Between fifty-four and fifty-seven of these fabulous Easter eggs were made by Peter Carl Fabergé for the Tsars Nicholas II and Alexander III. That illustrated above is made of nephrite (Siberian jade), adorned with pansies enamelled violet-rose and set with diamonds, supported on a swirl of leaves in silver-gilt set with diamonds. Inside is a folding easel with eleven quarter-inch miniatures of the sons and daughters of the Empress Marie Feodorovna, their consorts and children. It was presented by the Tsar Nicholas II to his mother, the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna, in 1899, and is one of the many illustrations to the *Life and Work of Peter Carl Fabergé*, by Henry Bainbridge, which will be published by B. T. Batsford Ltd. on Monday next

FLOWERS AND GRASSES IN AN EGG-SHAPED BASKET : This beautiful piece (which is *not* an Easter egg) is in the Queen Alexandra Fabergé Collection. For whom it was originally made is not known. The flowers are in blue, pink, white and yellow enamels on gold; the grasses are in gold; the basket is in white opal enamel on silver, trellised with rose-diamonds; the base is in blue enamel, trellised with rose-diamonds; and the handle is in rose-diamonds

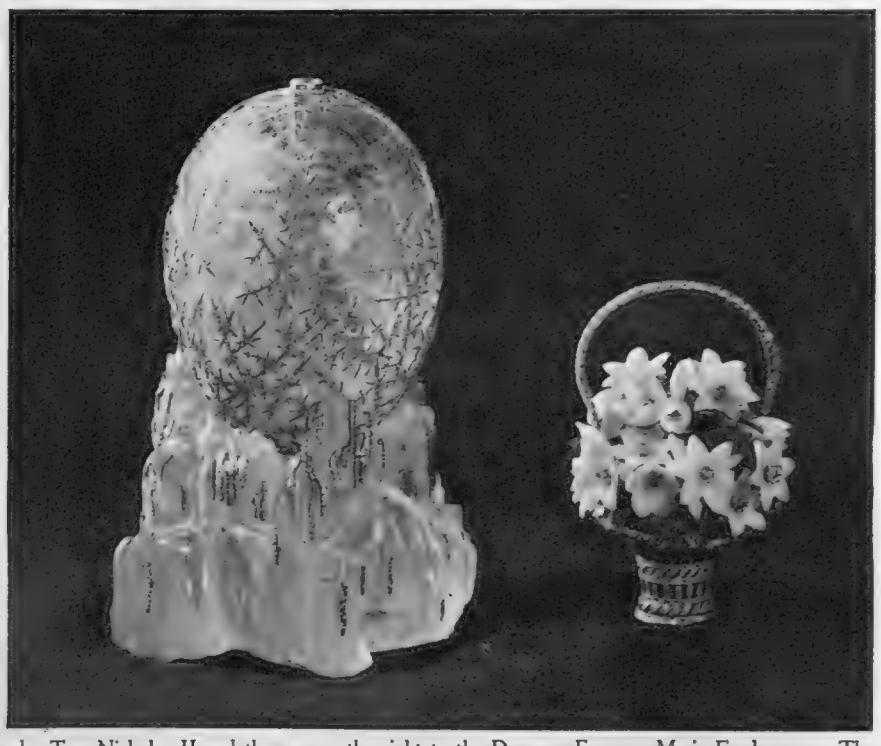
A TRIPTYCH BY FABERGÉ : This beautiful piece, from the Collection of Mrs. F. W. Roebling, is in silver-gilt, decorated with enamel and set with cabochon rubies, emeralds, sapphires, tourmalines and a garnet. The central panel is of Our Lady of Kazan, with the Holy Vernicle above. On the left is St. Alexandra, and, on the right, St. Nicholas. The panels are framed in borders of translucent red enamel. The back of the triptych is engraved with the monogram and crown of the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, wife of Nicholas II, and dated November 14, 1894

THE VARIED ART OF PETER CARL FABERGÉ

The Life and Work of the Great Jeweller is Recorded in a Notable New Book

A CLOCK BY FABERGÉ : Made of rhodonite and in the Old Russian Style, it stands 11½ ins. high. The mountings are in chased silver, set with emeralds and sapphires. The Old Russian Style, as developed by Fabergé, was the result of his study of mural decorations, documents, pieces of pottery and gold and silversmiths' work of the time of Ivan the Terrible

Peter Carl Fabergé, goldsmith and jeweller to the Russian Imperial Court, lived during the last great age of art patronage, culminating in the Edwardian era. It is inevitable that he should be compared with Benvenuto Cellini, and Mr. Henry Charles Bainbridge discusses this among many other aspects of the artist and his work in a magnificent new volume which is to be published by B. T. Batsford Ltd. next Monday. "The chief difference between the two men," writes Mr. Bainbridge, "is, I think, this: Cellini worked in the round and Fabergé chiefly in the flat. Although the former remained a goldsmith until he was forty years of age, it is in his work as a sculptor that you find the true measure of the man." *Peter Carl Fabergé : An Illustrated Record and Review of His Life and Work*, A.D. 1846-1920, by Henry Charles Bainbridge, is one of the most notable examples of book production since the war. Mr. Bainbridge, a personal friend of the artist, has covered all the varied phases of Fabergé's work, has placed him in the background of his period and has provided a valuable character study of the man. Chapters deal with the Family and House of Fabergé, the art and craft of Fabergé, the Workmasters of Fabergé, the Marks of Fabergé, and all the various products of his workshops—the cigarette-cases, the bonbonnières, the figurines of Russian national types, the portrait models of animals, birds and fishes, the beautiful little sprays of flowers and models of dwarf trees and, of course, the fabulous Imperial Russian Easter eggs, which merit a chapter to themselves. The book contains over 100 plates, reproducing photographs of the artist's creations in black-and-white and colour. The Library Edition of 1,000 copies costs £7 7s. and an Edition de Luxe at £14 14s., printed on superfine hand-made paper and bound in half Niger Morocco, is limited to 250 copies. The history of the Imperial Easter eggs is one of many fascinating anecdotes. Fabergé proposed to the Tsar Alexander III that he should make an Easter gift for the Tsarina with some special



TWO MORE EASTER EGGS : That on the left was presented to the Tsarina Alexandra Feodorovna by Tsar Nicholas II and the egg on the right to the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna. The first is in mat, opaque mauve enamel, latticed with diamond ribbons, and is surmounted by a large diamond showing its year of presentation, 1906. The swan, resting on a lake, made of a large aquamarine, is lifted from the egg by a handle of water-lilies in four tones of gold. When lifted from the aquamarine and set in motion by a tiny device under one wing, the gold, webbed feet move the tiny figure; the head and neck rise proudly and fall, and the wings spread to disclose each separate feather. The egg on the right is made of rock crystal, with frost flowers engraved on the inside and executed in tiny rose-diamonds on the outside. The basket is of platinum, wholly set with rose-diamonds. The flowers, in white cacholong with olivine and gold centres, have leaves in light green jade and stalks of gold. A moonstone surmounts the egg, showing the date, 1913, when it was presented to the Dowager Empress

A TEAPOT BY FABERGÈ : It is of silver, with the design in coloured enamels on opaque white enamel. Part of a set, it is one of the finest examples of Fabergé's enamel work

FABERGÉ BEASTS AND FISHES : The mouse, buffalo, dormouse, and baboon are all made of grey chalcedony. The mouse has sapphire eyes; the buffalo has ruby eyes and ivory horns; the dormouse has cabochon sapphire eyes and gold whiskers; and the baboon has diamond eyes. The sturgeon and the swordfish are each of blue and pink agate with diamond eyes

A MINIATURE GRAND PIANO BY FABERGÉ : The original is only slightly larger than the above reproduction. It is made of gold and decorated with pale translucent enamel

FABERGÉ FLOWERS : The chrysanthemums are of yellow and mauve enamel on gold; the leaves of nephrite; the stalk of gold; and the vase of rock crystal. The original is 10 ins. high and comes from Queen Alexandra's Collection

A FABERGÉ TREE : The Japanese dwarf tree is 4½ ins. high and 4 ins. wide. It is in mat gold. The tulips are of opaque white enamel with rose-diamond and gold centres; the leaves are of nephrite; and the stalks of gold. The jardinière is made of rhodonite, with gold feet, and is on a stand of white jade. It is now in the possession of Messrs. Tessiers

surprise in it. This first egg was of gold, enamelled opaque white. Inside was a yolk of gold, inside which was a chicken made of various coloured golds. But this was not all—inside the chicken was a model of the Imperial crown and inside the crown hung a tiny ruby egg. So delighted was the Tsar that he gave Fabergé a standing order for an egg every Easter and a bargain was struck between Emperor and Craftsman that Fabergé was given a free hand to make whatever he wished; that the Emperor should never enquire what was being made. The one stipulation was that each egg must have a surprise inside it. The bargain was kept and Fabergé made fifty-seven eggs—eleven for Tsar Alexander III, which he presented to his Tsarina, and forty-six to the order of Tsar Nicholas II, which he gave to his wife and to his mother, the Dowager Empress Marie. Fabergé made innumerable *objets* for the Tsars and, at the Coronation of Tsar Nicholas II, many of the most beautiful gifts came from the Court jeweller. Again, at the celebrations in 1913 of the Tercentenary of Romanoff rule, many important Fabergé works were presented to the Tsar, including "The Banker's Box." This box, made of nephrite and bordered with gold, with a gold plate inside engraved with the words "1613-1913. To His Imperial Majesty to be used at his Serene discretion for purposes of charity, dutifully presented by the banks of St. Petersburg and Moscow," contained a cheque for 1,000,000 roubles! Many master craftsmen worked for Fabergé. It became a first principle that work on any one object should be carried through in one workshop and, if possible, by one man. Mr. Bainbridge writes that team-work was not the inspiration of Fabergé's work-masters. "No man in the House of Fabergé was a cog in a wheel. There was something much more majestic about the path he trod, for he moved in an orbit of his own, unmolested, but kept to his course by a centre of attraction which was Fabergé himself."

AFTER THE DROUGHT COMES THE DELUGE: The great hole in the sea-wall near Folkestone, where high seas in the Straits of Dover and a south-westerly gale caused the worst damage for many years. The wall illustrated protects two private hotels—Malpas House and Yarne House—which are in danger of becoming undermined

GALES FOLLOW THE SUMMER'S DROUGHT

And Other Items of Home News

The end of last month brought torrential rains in all parts of the country and exceptionally high seas round the east and south coasts. The Straits of Dover suffered the highest seas for many years and Channel traffic was delayed. At Sandgate five breaches were made in the sea-walls and houses were endangered. The great hole in the wall near Folkestone, in the picture on the left, was said to be large enough for three double-decker buses to be driven through it. Houseowners in the danger area spent a busy afternoon removing their furniture. At Sea Point, at the west end of Sandgate, waves nearly 50 ft. high broke on the promenade, and water and shingle fell on the main Folkestone-London road. The main road to Hastings, where it passes near Hythe, was also closed because of flooding. Sandgate Castle (which was built by Henry VIII) is again in danger, and its owner, Mr. W. A. Workman, who repaired damage after a gale last winter, stated that he could not repair it again because of the cost. The sea-wall of his private residence, Castle Close, was also breached.

THE HAREWOODS RETURN AND VISIT THE OPERA: *On left*—The Earl and Countess of Harewood arriving at Northolt Airport after returning from their month's honeymoon, during which they visited Paris, Venice, Milan, Rome, and the Isle of Capri. *Above*—The Countess with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Stein, attended the first night of the Sadler's Wells Company's new production of "Don Giovanni." The Earl of Harewood joined the family party but arrived separately

THE "REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH CHURCH": St. John's Church, Waterloo Road, will bear that title during the course of the Festival of Britain in 1951. It will be used for all denominations. St. John's, opposite Waterloo Station, was built by Francis Bedford in 1823. Behind the church is the site of Halfpenny Hatch, a gate opening on a lane which ran across Curtis's nursery grounds to Christ Church, Blackfriars Road

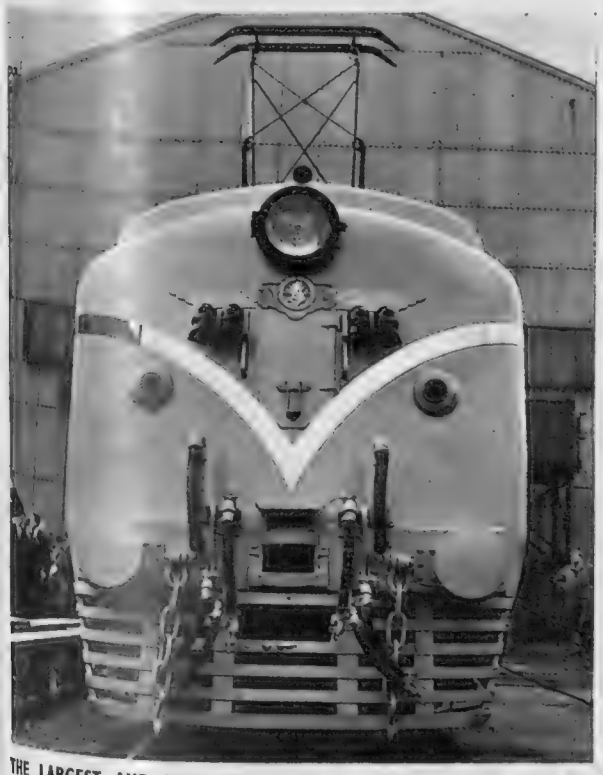
NEW WINDOWS FOR ST. MARY'S CHURCH, STOKE NEWINGTON, WHERE EDGAR ALLAN POE WENT TO CHURCH: The window on the left commemorates Thomas of London, Rector in 1313; that on the right is to Caroline Houcher, Vergeress. When Edgar Allan Poe was a scholar at the Stoke Newington Academy, he attended divine service at the neighbouring parish church of St. Mary. Like so many London churches, St. Mary's suffered severely during the war, but it has now been possible to replace the old shattered windows by new ones. The new windows have been designed by Mr. H. Vernon Spreadbury. They include a new east window to replace one which contained the contemporary arms of Queen Elizabeth. There is a legend that the Queen once lay concealed at Stoke Newington, in fear of her sister Mary. The new window shows the arms of the City of London, the borough of Stoke Newington, the diocese of London, and the Drapers' Company

On left—THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT THE PASSING-OUT PARADE OF THE MONS CADET SCHOOL: He is seen taking the salute at the march-past with the O.C., Colonel R. P. B. Woods, D.S.O. The Duke was attended by Major Michael Hawkins when he visited the Mons Cadet School. He presented the canes of honour to Officer Cadets B. M. Penn, R.A., and P. C. A. Munster, Royal Horse Guards, and he also presented R.S.M. Brittain with the M.B.E., which he was awarded in the Birthday Honours List

BENIAMINO GIGLI SINGS IN A LONDON CHURCH : The world-famous tenor sang with the choir of the Italian Church in Clerkenwell following a request from the priest. Father Thomas Hulhoven, of St. Peter's, Clerkenwell, wrote to Gigli, who agreed to sing at the eleven o'clock Mass. The church was packed to hear him sing "Vergin Tutt' Amor," "Panis Angelicus," and the "Agnus Dei." The celebrated Italian tenor was accompanied by Mr. Fred Stevens, the sixty-year-old church organist who is an engineer of the London Electricity Board

THE INDUCTION OF DR. SOLOMON GAON AS HAHAM OR CHIEF RABBI OF THE CONGREGATION : Rabbi Gaon is seen chatting to the Lord Mayor of London, who attended the ceremony with Sword Bearer and Mace. Dr. Gaon is the twelfth English Haham, and the ceremony, which took place at the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue in Bevis Marks, in the City, was the first of its kind for over sixty years when Dr. Moses Gaster was inducted

PENGUINS' PARADE : The Edinburgh Zoo gives its penguins a daily constitutional to the bus stop. *On left*—**The model citizens take a stroll.** *Right*—**Waiting for a bus.** During the war, when the Edinburgh Zoo was short-staffed, a gate was accidentally left open and the penguins got loose and made a little expedition to the local bus stop and back. They are now a familiar sight to the trolley-bus drivers, as the expedition has been kept up. The birds enjoy their freedom, scampering through the gates of the Zoo, down a slope and on to the pavement. They flap along excitedly, accompanied by a keeper, who sees that they behave properly and keep to the pavement. The penguins generally behave well and they do not attempt to get on the buses or interfere with the queue!



THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL ELECTRIC ENGINE TO BE BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY : Two views of the 3,000-h.p. locomotive, which is one of fifteen made for export to Brazil. In September 1946 a contract was signed in London between the Sao Paulo Railway Company and the English Electric Export and Trading Company, Ltd., for the electrification at 3,000 volts D.C. of the railway between Mooca and Jundiai, in the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil. Subsequently the railway was taken over by the Brazilian Government and is now known as the Estrada de Ferro Santos a Jundiai (E.F.S.J.). The route length of the main line which is being electrified is approximately 64 km. of 5 ft. 3 in. gauge, double-track, and some 161 single-track km. in all. The English Electric Company is responsible for the provision of the overhead line equipment, supplied in association with British Insulated Callenders Cables, Ltd.; for the sub-stations, which are being built locally for the Company; and for the locomotives for which the mechanical parts are made by the Vulcan Foundry Ltd. at their works at Newton-le-Willows. The contract also includes the supply of fifteen main-line electric locomotives and three three-coach trains for the initial section of the suburban electrification

Towards a Brighter London

CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE in its NEW GLORY

THE CELEBRATED TERRACE IN ALL THE GLORY OF ITS NEW PAINTWORK : These three pictures, all taken from the Mall, show the terrace as it now appears in the light of a bright autumn day. Carlton House Terrace suffered severely during the war years, much of the fine Georgian plasterwork being torn from its brick base. The terrace is built on the site of the Carlton House of George IV, which in Regency days was the focal-point of London life. The house was built by Baron Carleton on ground leased by Queen Anne. It was later acquired by Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III, and in 1783 it became the residence of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. The house was demolished in 1827, when the columns of the Corinthian portico were moved to the National Gallery

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Shakespeare's Joyous Comedy Presented at the Old Vic

The Old Vic, not to be daunted, has tackled Shakespear's joyous but sometimes obscure comedy *Love's Labour's Lost*, and instead of delving for the meaning of each archaic bachelor's joke, the producers have launched out boldly with this lighthearted satire on pedantry and bookishness. The result has been a notable success. *Love's Labour's Lost*, in part a fruit of the mood that caused the sonnets and in part pure fantasy, has its setting in the Court of the King of Navarre. The comedy revolves round the fact that the King of Navarre and his courtiers have sworn to study for three years, fasting and keeping from the sight and speech of women. They are forced to break this vow by the arrival of the Princess of France and her Court. Thereafter the fun is fast and furious, and with a richly comic sub-plot provides delightful variety.

COSTARD, THE CLOWN, HAVING BEEN CAUGHT MAKING LOVE TO JAQUINETTA, THE COUNTRY WENCH, IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE KING OF NAVARRE AND HIS SCANDALISED COURT : The King, who is seen, book in hand, seated beneath an umbrella, sentences Costard to a diet of bran and water for contravening the new edicts of Navarre's Court, which has banished all women in the interests of higher learning

"THEY HAVE LIVED LONG ON THE ALMSBASKET OF WORDS"—THE PEDANTIC SCHOOLMASTER AND THE WITLESS CURATE : Holofernes (Mark Dignam) and Sir Nathaniel (Miles Malleson) together produce some rare fooling in *Love's Labour's Lost*

COSTARD AND MOTH : The clown (George Benson) and Armado's sprightly page (Brian Smith) bring gaiety and youth to this production of a play which nowadays is seldom seen in the West End of London

JUST A LITTLE QUESTION OF R-E-M-U-N-E-R-A-T-I-O-N : George Benson as Costard, the clown, receives a gift of money from the love-lorn Berowne (Michael Redgrave), who has asked him to convey a message to his beloved. Costard is delighted with Berowne's princely behaviour in contrast to the niggardly remuneration of Don Adriano, who a few moments before had rewarded him with three farthings for a similar mission in relation to an affair of the heart. George Benson's performance in this lighthearted comedy has been enthusiastically applauded

THE R.A.F.'s VARIEGATED ROLE

With its Several Home and Oversea Commands

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE important new changes in posts held by senior R.A.F. officers expected in the New Year, when Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor succeeds Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder as Chief of the Air Staff remind the public of the variegated character of the present-day Royal Air Force.

In addition to Bomber Command, Coastal Command, Fighter Command, there is M.E.A.F. (Middle East Air Force), F.E.A.F. (Far East Air Force) and B.A.F.O. (British Air Forces of Occupation, Germany) and the all-important Flying Training Command.

Of the three Overseas Commands only B.A.F.O. and the M.E.A.F., which covers the Canal Zone in Egypt, Malta, Aden down to East Africa, Nairobi, El Adem and Castel Benito, have any jet aircraft. The F.E.A.F., based on Singapore and covering Malaya, Ceylon, Hong Kong and a few odd islands, has only piston-engined aircraft at the moment. (By the way, the R.A.F. has no aircraft in South Africa, Australia or New Zealand.) Very soon, however, all our Overseas Commands will be fully equipped with jet fighters, which makes the revolutionary change in the training of fighter pilots at the new advanced flying school at Driffield, East Yorkshire, all the more important. Here SPROG pilots graduate straight from Prentices and Harvards, which have a maximum of 150 m.p.h., to jet aircraft flying up to over 600 m.p.h., thus eliminating the intermediate stage of instruction on advanced piston-engined types such as Spitfires. This change has been made possible by the introduction of the twin-seat Meteor 7, from which, after a short period of dual instruction, they proceed to fly in single-seater Meteor 4's or Vampires.

Already the first twenty-five pupils have passed through Driffield without a single accident, and the next batch is now following them. Under the present system youngsters between the ages of 17½ and 24 who volunteer for aircraft spend six months at their initial training wing, where they do intensive ground study, followed by an average of ten months at a flying training school, where instead of having instruction in a Tiger Moth they go straight to Prentices and Harvards, after which selected pupils find themselves at Driffield. Within three months they are flying jets with their squadrons.

The jump from 150 m.p.h. to 600 m.p.h. naturally demands a great deal of psychological as well as scientific instruction. Old stagers will remember that, when Hurricanes were first introduced, their pupils were instructed to eat an extra number of steaks and drink extra bottles of stout because of the potential strain of flying at 300 m.p.h. These precautions proved, of course, to be quite unnecessary. In the same way pilots flying jets near the sonic barrier do not need any special diet or any unusual physical training. Many of them smoke and only a few are teetotal.

Pupils are, however, given strict warnings about the physical stress of flying at these very high speeds by lectures on what is termed "Aviation Medicine." They are warned, for example, about G (gravity), known to the layman as black-out. They are told that if they do a tight turn at too high a speed they may get a touch of momentary G. They are also told about the "bends," technically known as aero-embolism, caused by the formation of bubbles of nitrogen in the system. They are also instructed in Oxygen-Want, alias anoxia. An official paper on anoxia was prepared and published as long ago as 1942. But every week or two new information is forthcoming on the subject of stress caused by high speeds, so that there is as much security on this as there is on the number of our jet aircraft squadrons.

When the youngsters arrive at Driffield they are asked whether they ultimately want to go to Meteors or Vampires—Meteors being interceptors while the Vampires' role is close ground support. Out of every three pupils two prefer Meteors because they are twin-engined and have a higher performance. As far as possible they are allowed their choice. All of them, however, have an overwhelming desire to fly jets, irrespective of the type. Incidentally, the end of piston-engined aircraft can be expected within twelve months. At present there are only two Hornet squadrons in the whole of Home Fighter Command. There are also jets already in Malta and Cyprus besides Germany.

A series of lectures on the handling of jet aircraft are given before the pupil is taken up in his Meteor 7. He is warned that there is a much slower response on the controls, both when accelerating or decelerating. The time-lag, indeed, can be as much as two or three seconds. The pupil is also warned that if he goes to 40,000 ft. rather quickly his ears will already have started to crackle. He is also told about the art of baling out, when necessary. This involves jettisoning the canopy of the cockpit and throwing himself over the side, having lost as much speed as possible before doing so, and then delaying the pulling of his rip-cord much longer than in Spitfires. Very soon Driffield will have a special "mock-up" of a Martin-Baker ejector-seat, not yet standardised. The pupil is instructed to draw the hood over his face, press button "A," which throws out the canopy, and button "B," which touches off an explosive charge under his seat and throws him out himself. Only dummies will be used. . . .

After further lectures the pupil goes up on his first flight with an instructor in a Meteor 7, which has a longer nose to contain the extra passenger, but, being unarmed, has a higher performance than a Meteor 4 single-seater. At first the pupil is taken round the countryside 500 ft. up at 600 m.p.h., to accustom him to the exaggerated turbulence of the lower air. He is then taken up on a stiff climbing turn to 40,000 ft. and shown the approach to the sonic barrier. As the aircraft approaches 600 m.p.h. it shudders and yaws as if a giant were shaking it by the shoulders. The intensity of this, naturally, depends on height, speed and density of the air. The sonic barrier, by the by, means the point where the air is piling up so fast in front that an aeroplane cannot easily get through it. After three or four flights in dual control with the pupil sitting in front he is allowed to take over the controls.

Finally comes the great day when he goes up alone. Imshallah, none of the eighteen Meteor 7's has, as I write, received the slightest damage. After several solo flights the pupil is finally entrusted with a Meteor 4 or a Vampire, which is also slower than the Meteor 7 because of its four 20-mm. cannon and rockets or bombs; the armament of the Meteor 4 being the 20-mm. cannon alone.

Jet fighter pilots say that once they have become accustomed to the extra speed, they are distinctly easier to handle than piston-engined aircraft. As they are travelling very nearly at the rate of sound there is relatively no noise; while the vibration is practically non-existent because of the absence of a propeller causing air currents in front.

"You seem to sail along," said one pupil enthusiastically after his first flight.

A great deal of mental alertness is, of course, essential, and careful watch has to be kept on the weather, on position, and particularly on fuel, for, with the exception of those aircraft equipped with long-range tanks, jet fighters cannot remain in the air for much more than half an hour.

As has been well said, when pupils start flying jets they have to combine the mental agility of an accountant with considerable physical fitness. When things happen four times as fast as was previously normal to them there is not much time for them to change their mind.

With weather conditions being uncertain during the coming winter, every moment of flying time now is precious, and no sooner does one jet land and taxi to its parking-place at Driffield than its tanks are refilled and a new instructor and pupil climb in, sometimes less than nine minutes after the aircraft has landed. Ground crews who knew everything about piston-engined aircraft are showing the greatest enthusiasm in learning maintenance of the new types. This injection of fresh blood into the technique of flying is also responsible for volunteers coming along from Civvy Street at a much quicker rate than a year ago.

At present there are no jet-engined Bomber Squadrons in spite of the success of the Comet, but the Canberra twin-engined jet is on order for the R.A.F. Its prototype was seen recently at Farnborough in the Society of British Aircraft Constructors Show and impressed everyone with its clean lines and high performance (details of which are top secret). It is now in production. Also on order for the R.A.F. is a four-engined jet bomber which is much more powerful than the Canberra. This is so secret that even its name has not yet been divulged.

With regard to the all-important question of pay and allowances and gratuities for officers, pilots and navigators, a glance at the latest figures show that there is, very properly, no encouragement to young pilots to marry until they are twenty-five. Thereafter, when they have done two years as a flying officer the marriage allowance jumps from zero to £338 a year, bringing the total pay to £703. The marriage allowance remains at £338 per annum until they reach the rank of Wing-Commander, when it makes a modest jump to £383 per annum. Thereafter, with the exception of a marriage allowance for an Air Commodore, which is £429 per annum, it reaches and remains at £474.

Other points are that a Squadron Leader receives a basic pay of £639, rising to £748 after six years. A Wing-Commander first reaches four figures (£1,004) after six years. But even married Marshals of the Royal Air Force receive only £3,759—not very much in these days of devaluation.

A METEOR JET ADAPTED AS A TRAINER: The machine has been modified for instructional purposes and the cockpit can accommodate an instructor and a pupil. The new school at Driffield, Yorks, is using these 600-m.p.h. machines to train Fighter Command pilots. Initial flights last no longer than half an hour

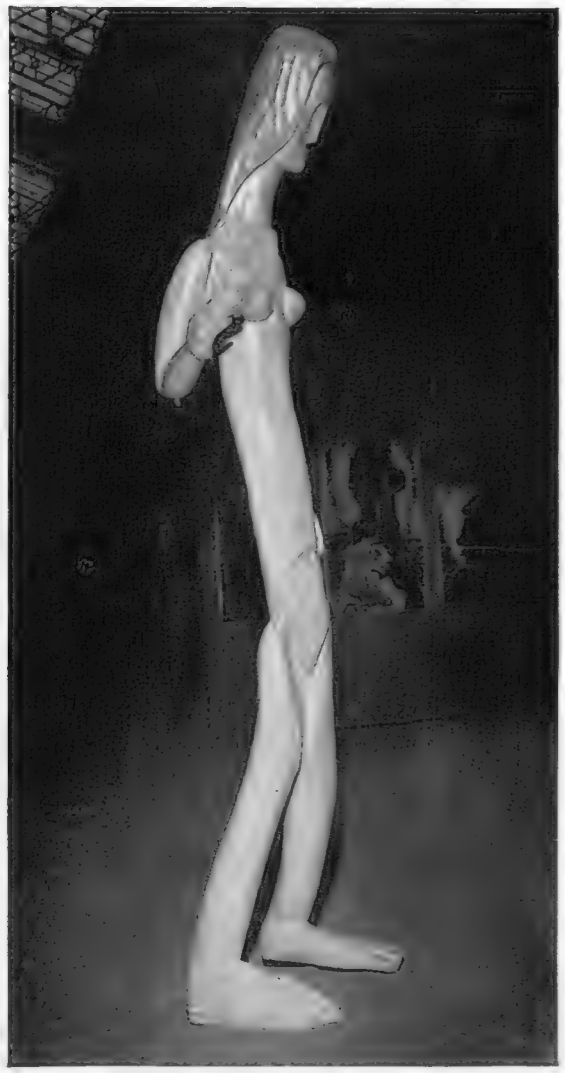
COCKPIT DRILL IN A METEOR 7 AT THE R.A.F. STATION AT DRIFFIELD: Flight Lieutenant J. K. Maddison is seen (in rear seat) instructing Pilot Officer A. Coutts Smith. To contain the extra passenger the Meteor 7 has been modified, a longer nose being provided. The pupil, once accustomed to the controls, is taken round the countryside on a series of low-level flights in order to accustom him to the exaggerated turbulence of the lower air. The first three or four flights are in dual-control

ART MARCHES ON

Some Singular Creations from Diverse Sources

THIS IS THE POTTER'S WIFE: This example of the art of F. E. McWilliam is on view at the Hanover Gallery, where the artist is holding a one-man show of impressive singularity. *Inset on left*—Here are some more of his masterpieces, forming a single exhibit called "Head in Extended Order." On one occasion the artist's work displayed in Oxford Street actually caused a traffic stoppage

RECLINING WOMAN, IN ELMWOOD, BY F. E. McWILLIAM: While purists might aver that certain portions of the anatomy are missing, Mr. McWilliam has certainly created something which we can begin to comprehend. Usually the full flowering of his genius is seen in more obscure and no less spectacular works



SUIS-JE BELLE? Edmond Cointet's statue seems to be posing this question as she stands in the centre of the exhibition hall at the Porte de Versailles where the Union of Painters and Sculptors, calling themselves "Les Surindependents," are showing the latest products of their genius. Surrealists, cubists, realists, and cranks contribute to the show, which is not governed by a jury. Any work of art may be shown, provided it is the work of a member

AN AMERICAN EXAMPLE OF ADVANCED ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE—A MODERNISTIC STATUE OF THE VIRGIN MARY FOR AN ULTRA-MODERN CHURCH: The new Roman Catholic church of St. Mark's, Burlington Vermont, is designed from the ideas of its priest, the Rev. William A. Burlington. It was completed in 1942 at a cost of 120,000 dollars. The statue of Our Lady, on an exterior wall of the church, overlooks woods of birch and pine. There is accommodation for 480 people in the Church

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

HE STUDIED YEATS IN A JAPANESE PRISON CAMP

And the Result is Mr. Graham Hough's "The Last Romantics"

DURING three years as a prisoner of the Japanese, Mr. Graham Hough read and re-read the *Collected Poems* of W. B. Yeats, and brought to their analytical study an intensity of concentration that must have been valuable to him at the time, and which has now resulted in THE LAST ROMANTICS (Duckworth. 15s.), a critical and thoughtful book of quite unusual merit. Among the poems, Mr. Hough had found those lines which not only gave him the title for his book, but set its key :

We were the last romantics—chose for theme
Traditional sanctity and loveliness.

Ruskin, Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, William Morris, Pater, the *fin-de-siècle* period and Yeats himself are the studies that he has chosen to illustrate his thesis, which is to examine "the genesis of Yeats' ideas from those of the small poetic circle with whom he associated in the nineties." This plan took the writer back from Yeats to Pater and the Pre-Raphaelites, and then inevitably to Ruskin, and the tracing of that progression has been subtly and yet simply done.

For the first time the complete text of DE PROFUNDIS (Methuen. 10s. 6d.), the last prose work of Oscar Wilde, has been published, and extraordinary reading it makes ; beautifully expressive and deeply moving. Wilde wrote this in the form of an epistle to Lord Alfred Douglas from Reading gaol, but the rules of the prison did not allow for its being sent out, and Wilde was handed back the manuscript on the day of his release. On that same day he left England for the last time, and being met on the French coast by his devoted friend, Robert Ross, handed it to him. Extracts from the MS. were published in 1905, after Wilde's death, but it has not been possible until now to read it in full, for reasons not unconnected with the "Bosie" to whom the letter is directed.

I have read it with a profound interest, as I think you will, and found in this text, written in bitterness and in constant agony of spirit, considerable beauty and great sincerity.

Mr. Eliot Hodgkin has achieved a really original composition in A PICTORIAL GOSPEL (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) though the basic idea is so simple that one is surprised no one had done it before. Perhaps it is because the idea, although simple in conception, has been involved in execution, and because not every writer is as competent as this one for the task. What Mr. Hodgkin has done is to take incidents from the four Gospels to illustrate the life of Christ, as a consecutive narrative. These are printed on each left-hand page, and facing each is a reproduction of a great painting or etching or illumination, which relates to the subject. Thus, opposite the page on which is printed the Sermon on the Mount, and the Lord's Prayer, you see Dürer's "Praying Hands," and opposite the story of Martha and Mary, Vermeer's noble depiction of the scene.

This would be a wonderful book for older children, for it teaches so much that is beautiful, and beautifully simple, and there can be no doubt that it would be an equally fine possession for one's own bookshelves. The only regret must be that there are no reproductions in colour.

FRA ANGELICO (Heinemann. 36s.) is another of the magnificent Hyperion books, this one being by Professor Germain Bazin of the Louvre, and consisting as text in a biography and an analysis of the painter, and for the main part reproductions, many of them in great detail, of the painter's works. Of these, sixteen are in full colour, and many of those are overprinted in gold. Like the others in this distinguished series, this is a sumptuous book, and would make the kind of present that one would rather receive than give.

Mrs. Betsy Rodgers has written of philanthropists and their motives in CLOAK OF CHARITY (Methuen. 16s.), with particular reference to those figures of the eighteenth century who won world-wide fame for their acts of benevolence, and in some cases for their embattled crusades for better conditions. In these pages you will find Coram, who, in addition to starting the Foundling Hospital, showed such practical kindness

JOINING THE IMMORTALS : Mr. Charles Morgan, the distinguished novelist, trying on the green uniform designed for his appearance before the French Academy to which he is now admitted as a foreign associate member. It is twenty years since Morgan published "Portrait in a Mirror," the novel which won him the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize

to the manufacturing hatters that they kept him provided with hats for the rest of his life, and each hat, as if to demonstrate the extent of their gratitude, was always an excessively large one.

Here, too, you will find John Howard and his prison reforms, Hannah More and her schools, and Wilberforce and his magnificent fight for the abolition of the slave trade. The author writes with a lucid calm which seems appropriate to her subject, and avoids any hint of sensationalism, even when writing of brutality, danger or triumph.

From the eighteenth century, too, comes the beautiful figure of MADAME RECAMIER (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.), but from how different a world. Mrs. Margaret Trouncer, who has proved herself an adept at romantic reconstruction, writes of this lovely and fascinating woman in sympathetic terms that still leave the reader an opportunity for making their own decisions as to her fundamental character. It is a delightful and probably not very important book, which has the great merit of bringing both the principal characters and their times, their houses, and their way of living, to vivid life.

THE VEILED WANDERER (Falcon Press. 7s. 6d.) is a little memoir on Marcel Proust, composed with taste but not too much continuity, by Princess Marthe Bibesco, who knew the writer well, and the world in which Proust was at first indeed a wanderer, invited to the tables of the *haute monde* only for his conversation. Later, of course, as the Princess shows, he formed lasting friendships with those who had been only his hosts, and his letters to the Duc de Guiche, now Duc de Gramont, some of which are included in this small volume, are an indication of his true social position. This is an odd and charming little book, not conclusive, but at least authoritative.

I must say that HANDBOOK FOR SPIES (Museum Press. 10s. 6d.) is as promising—or foreboding a title as one could wish, and the fact that one might find the book itself a trifle dull is doubtless due to the honesty of Mr. Alexander Foote's recording. For spying, in spite of what one likes to think about slinky, velvet-clad enchantresses, the Simplon Express and "the papers," is probably a very dull job.

It is claimed for the author that he was the first Englishman to work for nine years in the Soviet Intelligence Service and to narrate his adventures and experiences in full, and that may well be true

Of this week's novels there are two that should be at the top of any critical list, although they are precisely of the chalk and cheese variety. The first is a brilliant story of an unusual woman, from childhood to old age ; the other a murder mystery set in New York. They are not comparable, but each in its way is good. Mr. Joyce Cary, in A FEARFUL JOY (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), takes his Tabitha, who seems an ordinary child, through her first years of her life in a London suburb to her elopement with a man who not only looks like a bounder, but is one. In fact, in this one thing he is consistent through bankruptcies, swindles, drunkenness and assorted dishonesties.

As he bounds through life he loses touch from time to time with Tabitha, and it is when he is in prison, at one stage, that she begins to develop into the extraordinary woman she becomes, as mistress of a *fin-de-siècle* patron of art and letters, wife of a rich and titled industrialist, and, finally, wife of the bounder, to whom marriage occurs as a splendid idea a little late in life. Tabitha prepares for death reluctantly ; there is too much vitality left in her, too wonderful a capacity for laughter. She will die laughing. This is a marvellously full, rich book.

The other book is by an American author, Mr. Ellery Queen, or, rather, two authors of that name, I understand. CAT OF MANY TAILS (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is a full-length detective-story, and full value, too. It concerns the murderous activities of a mysterious figure, nicknamed The Cat by an enterprising newspaperman. He, she, or it commits eight murders, is caught in the act of committing the ninth, arrested—and then—what ? Certainly nothing banal, as you will know if you are as much a devotee for these authors' books as I am.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND IN THE PILLORY

An American and a French Viewpoint

Let us see how a Professor of History at Harvard University and a Professor of the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politique in Paris sum up the England of the nineteenth century. It is an enlightening and a chastening experience, with here and there the highlights falling in unexpected places as we see the men who fought for all men's liberty in the Napoleonic Wars, setting about securing their own liberty in the hectic years of Chartism and the Reform Bill. The Harvard Professor is Crane Brinton, who in ENGLISH POLITICAL THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Ernest Benn. 15s.) presents a series of critical essays on some of the great figures of the age, from Bentham and Brougham to Mill and Cobden, and so to Acton, Green and Bradlaugh. Mr. Brinton describes the nineteenth as a century which threw itself wholeheartedly into a vast number of social experiments, from infant schools to Imperial States, and he gives it credit for handing on its experiments pretty well intact. It was a century, however, which was sometimes noisy, impertinent and dreadfully sure of itself, he says. It did not know the virtue of the tentative, and its great thinkers were inclined to confuse their hypotheses with the will of God. Now let us turn to the Frenchman. It is none other than the accomplished Élie Halévy, whose second volume of the History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century is now reprinted under the title of THE LIBERAL AWAKENING (Ernest Benn. 18s.). Here again the comment is shrewd and penetrating. This volume deals essentially with the years 1815-1830, the years of Castlereagh and the years of Canning, the years of disillusionment after victory and of the decomposition of the Tory Party. "Had I been a contemporary of Canning," Halévy declares, "I should have rejoiced to watch him so successfully dividing, teasing and flouting Governments so reactionary, so mean and mischievous that they were objects of scorn and hatred to every generous heart. But I have learnt what war means ; therefore I feel an instinctive distrust of a statesman who made a career for himself out of diplomatic crises and shone most brilliantly when the condition of the world was darkest." Both these books make thought-provoking reading, and both are works of undisputed scholarship, wide in their appeal because written with sympathy and imagination.

The Grenadier Guards and the Welsh Guards have told their wartime stories in modest prose that has glowed with heroism. Now Major D. J. L. Fitzgerald, M.C., recounts the HISTORY OF THE IRISH GUARDS IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR (Gale and Polden. 20s.). Norway, France, North Africa and North-West Europe in the final phase were all battlegrounds for the Irish battalions, and the narrative is one of mounting endeavour by a great body of men interspersed with deeds of individual gallantry that will never be forgotten while England lives. The feat of Lance-Corporal Keneally in the Battle of the Bou, one of the great actions of the North African campaign, was a magnificent piece of courageous opportunism. Singlehanded, with a Bren at his side, he charged a company of Germans forming up behind a hill to counter-attack. Firing from the hip as he went, he spreadeagled the company, and, having cut right through them, turned and mopped up all in his path. His task finished, Lance-Corporal Keneally walked slowly back to the top of the hill. His reward was the Victoria Cross and an undying place in the annals of his regiment. Major Fitzgerald's record may be essentially for the Irish Guardsman, but well-sustained writing gives it a wider appeal.

Two anthologies present a rather droll contrast this week, THE HORSE-LOVER'S ANTHOLOGY (H. F. and G. Witherby. 9s. 6d.), edited by Shirley Faulkner-Horne, and THE COMPLEAT LOVER (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), edited and compiled by William Geoffrey. *The Compleat Lover* is a reprint, having first appeared in the grim wartime winter of 1940, when it must have helped to brighten many a dark evening with its varied presentation of the most fascinating of human themes. The publishers rather naively declare on the jacket that this is a hand-book "to which lovers and would-be lovers can turn again and again for inspiration." *The Horse-Lover's Anthology* is a really first-rate compilation, with Adam Lindsay Gordon, Whyte-Melville, Kipling and Masefield among the contributors.

Seemingly well presented are the books in the Mermaid Series of English Dramatists (Ernest Benn, Ltd. 8s. 6d. each). Volume I of the works of BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER and Volume I of the works of JOHN DRYDEN however, reveal on examination indifferent printing, and at least one enormity in the matter of binding

Eric Partridge calls his latest lexicographical adventure NAME INTO WORD (Secker and Warburg. 25s.). He further describes it as a discursive dictionary of proper names that have become common property, *i.e.*, the names of persons, places and book titles which have passed either in their original or in a modified form into common use as words in the English language. Mrs. Grundy, the real McCoy, Mae West, Jonah and Thomas Atkins are just a few of those which leap to mind and with which Mr. Partridge deals in lively detail. Morison's Pill, once a panacea for social ills, we are told is now obsolescent. Churchillian, however, is very much alive as a word, while Babbit is now clearly as much a part of the language as Babel.

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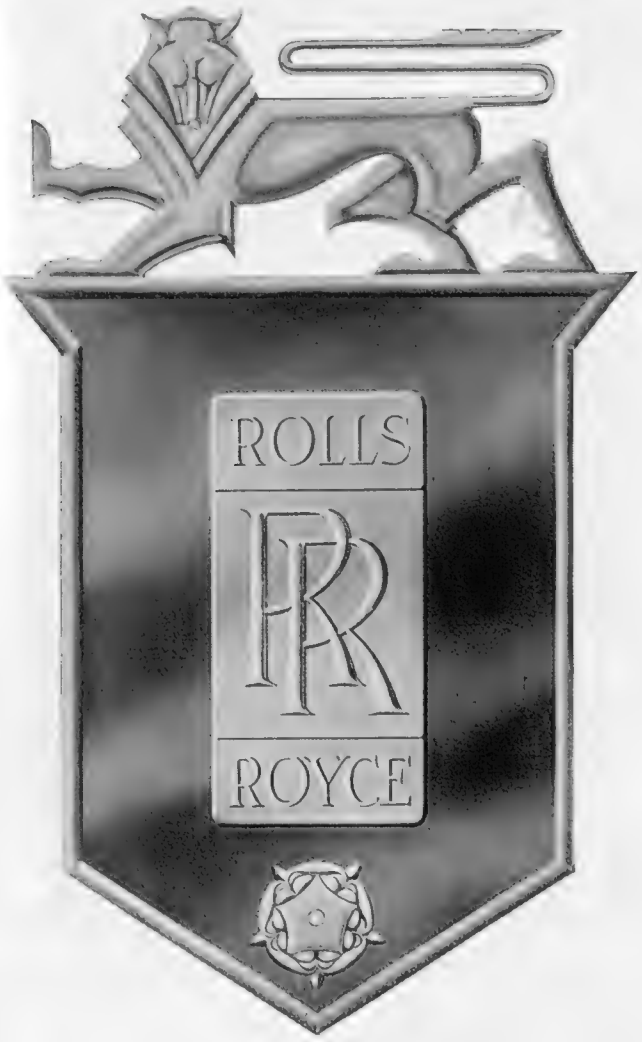

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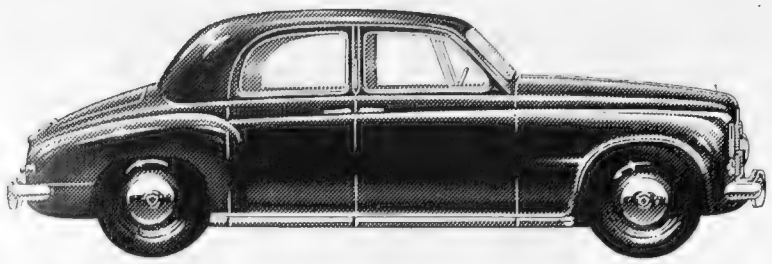

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Crompton's dogged spirit lives in Britain today — not least among the men who are successfully struggling to overcome the nation's electricity shortage. Already electricity may be used freely at all times except at peak hours, and continually new applications of electricity are bringing greater efficiency to our factories and new comforts and conveniences to our homes.

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The Sphere's Old English Christmas

The general note of this year's SPHERE Christmas Number—the first since the war—is of the old-time Christmas, and particular attention has been paid to the Victorian and the Regency periods. Stories by CHARLES DICKENS and MRS. HENRY WOOD have been revived; JOHN GORE contributes an article on ANTHONY TROLLOPE. W. P. ROBINS has done two pages in colour of paintings of DICKENS' surviving links with London; one of TISSOT'S rare water-colours is reproduced (to which STELLA GIBBONS has written a story) and WILLIAM LOGSDAIL'S St. Martin-in-the-Fields in the Eighties—one of the gems of the Chantrey Exhibition. There is a special section in colour of flower paintings of the 17th and 18th centuries, representative of the finest work of the Dutch masters. The centre double-spread is a reproduction of *The Netherlands Proverbs*, one of the works of PIETER BRUEGEL. These are but a few of the 56 pages of short stories, articles and colour plates by famous artists and authors in the Xmas No. of THE SPHERE.

YOU, YOUR FAMILY and all your friends will have a warm welcome for THE SPHERE'S Christmas Number . . . reappearing this year after a lapse of nearly ten years! What a great celebration Number this is to gladden the hearts of friends overseas.* They, too, will delight in the "old-fashioned Christmas" the editor has prepared for his readers. But the Christmas Number of THE SPHERE will be as rare as it is delightful: **to order it in advance is the one way to be sure of your copy. Ask your regular bookstall or newsagent today.**

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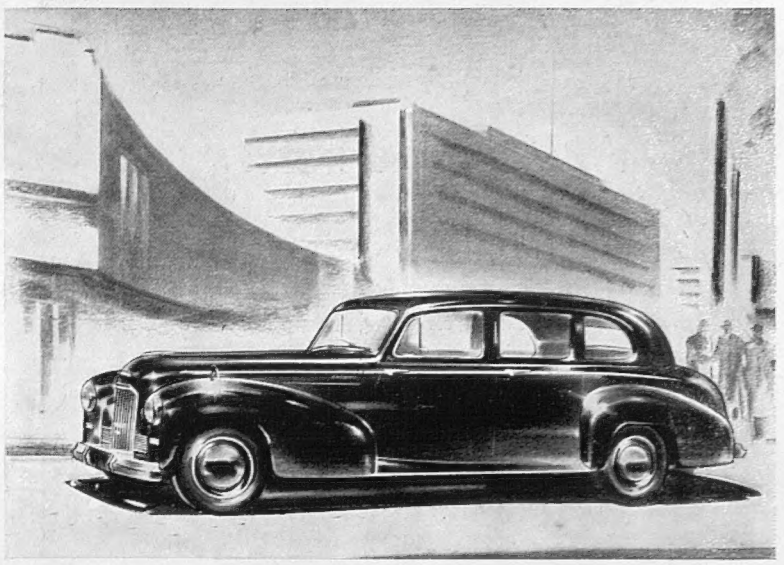

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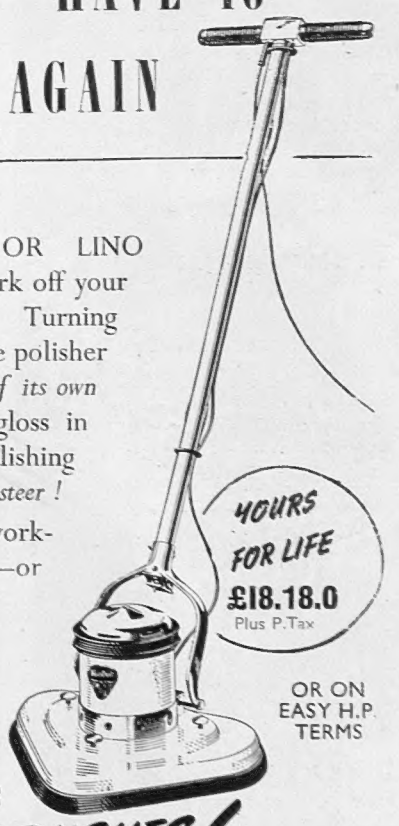

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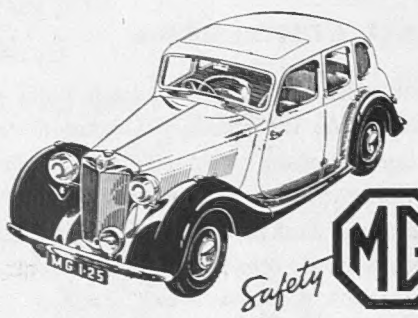

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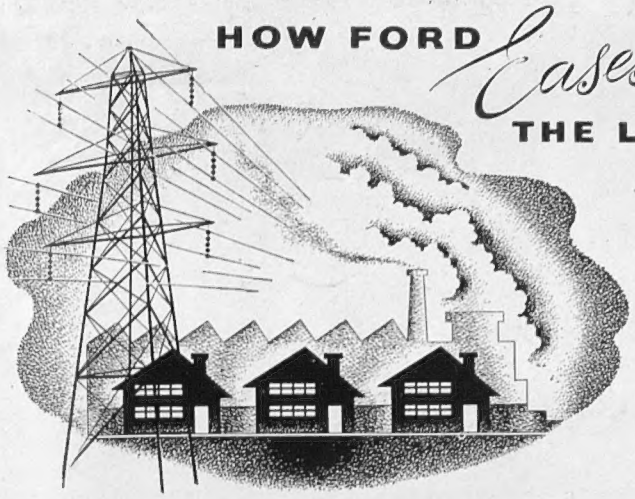
HOW FORD *Eases* THE LOAD



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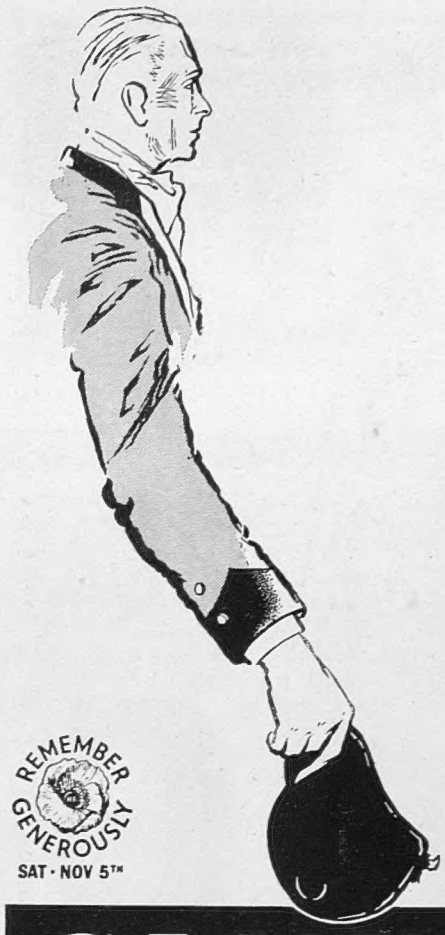

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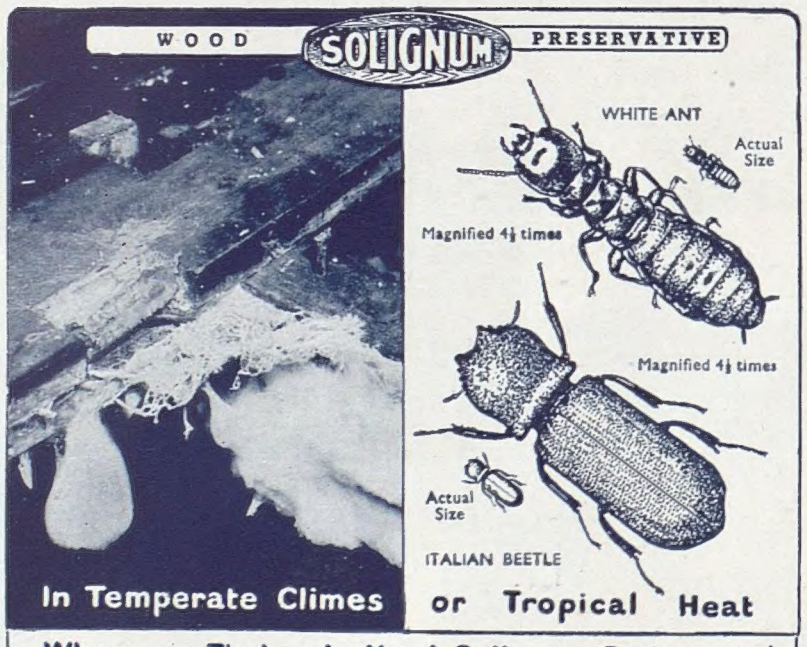

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